THE PACIFIC

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"Where are you going, Great-Heart?
'To lift Today above the Past;
To make Tomorrow sure and fast;
To nail God's colors to the mast.'
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!

"Where are you going, Great-Heart?
'To cleanse the earth of noisome things,
To draw from life its poison-stings,
To give free play to Freedom's wings.'
Then God go with you, Great-Heart!"

THE PACIFIC

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WHAT NEXT?

The world war is over! But, what next? Today mankind stands at the crossroads. Mankind has stood there before, but not as it stands there today. Changes the most momentous in the history of the world are imminent. Men without vision will endeavor to block the way to the new freedom, and many bitter experiences may be expected—in State and in Church.

The deepest prayer today of all persons who pray should be:

"O God, open my eyes to see, and make my heart and mind receptive to understand the great lessons of the hour."

THE INTERPRETATION OF A THOUSAND STRIKES.

With reference to strikes the Rev. Dr. Jowett remarked in a recent sermon in London that "those who suffered wrong first assailed the consciences of people and were ignored;" then they attacked our comfort, and the wrongs were righted." These were not Dr. Jowett's exact words, but the words in an editorial note in the British weekly, which stated with reference to Dr. Jowett's significant utterance: "He could hardly remember the righting of a great wrong except by methods of violence—so imperfect is our sympathy with suffering." "That was the interpretation of a thousand strikes," said the British Weekly. The Pacific would remark again as it has in the past: Let the American people take heed! Lawlessness always deserves condemnation, but lawlessness is certain if wrongs are not righted.

RUSSIA THE WORLD'S RAMPANT QUESTION MARK!

"Russia has become the world's rampant question mark and will be so for a generation to come," says a writer in a survey of the religious outlook of the great nations of the world.

The same writer tells us in the same article which we find in "The Christian Crusade for World Democracy," a book just issued by the Methodist Book Concern, that no other people have so quick an impulse of sympathy for a fellow man as the Russians have. The belief is that the national Russian character possesses many strong virtues which promise an immense contribution to the world. "They are virtues intimately associated with Christianity and will undoubtedly prove an immense power in the establishment of a spirit of brotherhood and sympathy throughout the world."

The Russians are declared to manifest a genuine Christian spirit in many ways.

"Travelers report that early in the war peasants would give all their stock of food to the passing Polish and Jewish refuges. The millions who fled into Russia before the advancing German armies met with wonderful kindness and generosity. * * * No more democratic people by their nature and long habits of life exists than the great mass of Russia. Nor is there any great people more idealistic."

Two things are shown to be evident now as to Russia. One is that the great revolution was the sure fruit of a blind and brutal tyranny. The other is that a safe democracy cannot exist among a people unprepared for it.

One-third of the agricultural lands was in the possession of about a hundred thousand nobles out of a population of 160,000,000. "The whole social system was designed to concentrate the good things of life in the hands of a few at the top of the social pyramid, and distribute all the burdens possible to the shoulders of the common people at the bottom."

"The government kept the people in the dark, and now that the despotism is overthrown, the people do not understand the nature of liberty or the necessity of making adjustment by laws."

According to statistics in 1908, eighty-three per cent of the population above the age of nine years was illiterate. This percentage, it is said, stands yet today.

"It is not surprising that in its new found liberty Russia has been rearing and plunging like her own wild horses of the steppes."

As to the present opportunity in Russia we quote:

"The throne of Tsars is not the only thing which has been blown sky high in the revolutionary explosion. Old doors of exclusiveness have been lifted off their hinges and forbidding barriers razed to the ground. In many respects Russia presents a unique opportunity in Christian history to help shape the foundations of a new national life among a great people. It is an opportunity of service not only to Russia but to the whole world. There are

many foundations for the hope of a strong Christian democracy in Russia if the necessary leadership and assistance are forthcoming. * * * * Upon the free Christian churches of the world rests the pressing responsibility of bringing aid so that these saving forces may be released and developed in the democracy of Russia."

As to the church in Russia this is the situation. The State Church of Russia, the Greek Orthodox Catholic Church, has been unchanged through the centuries being occupied far more with ritual than with teaching. Unlike our Protestant churches it has striven neither to instruct nor to develop the attitudes of the will. It has been the servant of the autocratic government. But it has shared in the democratic revolution and is at present undergoing a transformation which holds large possibilities. Religious toleration has at last been achieved and the long era of persecution and exclusiveness ended. All religions now stand on an equuality. The Orthodox Church itself is undergoing a process of democratization and a break with the old autocratic method of church government has been made. Old corruptions are being corected and many signs of spiritual quickening are at hand.

WHEN WILL BOLSHEVISM END IN RUSSIA?

It is stated in an article contributed to the New Republic by a representative Russian now in this country that only when the peasants are assured of their lands will Bolshevism begin to disappear. Every attempt to get the land away from the Russian peasants and back into the possession of the old landlords will strengthen Bolshevism. The sooner the bourgeois element of other countries realize this and act accordingly the better will it be for Russia and all the world.

Mr. Michael S. Farbman, the writer of the New Republic article, is a staff correspondent of Maxim Gorky's paper. He states that the peasants didn't wait until the Bolsheviki gave them the land, that they took it when they despaired of getting it from the Provisional Government. The Bolsheviki stand for the confirming of this possession and all counter-revolution or attempts to that end, having openly or furtively the restoration of the land to its former owners add to the numbers and strength of the Bolsheviki. Press dispatches this week state that Maxim Gorky has joined the Bolsheviki. Mr. Farbman writes: "A few months ago when the menace of a Cossack counter-revolution was defeated the Bolsheviki were losing a considerable support among the peasants.

"It is very significant that the Bolsheviki victory, contrary to expectations, led to a moderation of their views they actually shifted to a much more moderate and realistic programme. Lenine, advocated with great force and persuasion the necessity of stopping the 'Red Guard attacks upon capitalism' preached the doctrine of rigid self-control and other bourgeois virtues among the workers, and manifested a genuine statesmanship in proclaiming the inevitableness of the stage of state capitalism as a prelude to socialism. The Bolsheviki at that time were permeated by the spirit of reconciliation and tried to enlist the intellectuals and the experts of industry and management. They even reconciled themselves with the officers of the old imperial army."

We notice in an interview had a few days ago by a representative of the San Francisco Call with Mrs. Inez H. Irwin, wife of Mr. Will Irwin the noted newspaper correspondent, the expression by Mrs. Irwin of the judgment that the Bolsheviki are "utterly misunderstood in the United States." Her word is: "They are striving eagerly almost frenziedly for a communistic democracy; and in this striving they have not found sympathy among us."

Ernest Poole spent some time late last year among the peasants of Russia, and he too testifies to the determination among them to have the land wrongs righted. It was not until they were grievously disappointed by the failures of the landowners in the Duma and in the Provisional Government to solve the land question that they took matters in their own hands. When the Provisional Government overthew the agrarian law proposed by Cherunoff, the Socialist agrarian minister, the landowners scored a victory over the peasants who then entered on the wilful land seizures.

Deplore the lawlessness as we may, it was the inevitable outgrowth of the longtime deplorable condition of the masses in Russia, and a failure to give encouragement to the democratic movement and guide it in legitimate channels. A few aristocrats cannot forever anywhere hold down the great majority of the people.

WORLD PENITENCE IN ORDER TO WORLD PEACE.

Most wars have been wars of kings, rulers, governments, fought, to be sure, by the people, but not of themselves nor for themselves, but for the ruling classes. There have been exceptions, like our Civil War, but they only prove the rule.

The present war began in the same old way, but it became a war of the people. It seemed startlingly sudden. It was; but it came from causes that operate as surely as the laws of nature. It grew out of an "insane root," as it has well been called—the root of **materialism** and the **lust for power**. Germany was mainly, deeply, **diabolically**, responsible, but not wholly. Our civilization was unsound. The world order rested on false and perilous pillars. It could not stand.

It is no pious, superficial sentimentality that calls today for **penitence—world penitence** even in the hour of victory. Penitence most of all from Germany—deep, searching, sincere—God grant it to her, for it is her only salvation, but penitence from all the nations, as well, who shared in that insidiously wrong, wicked, intolerable, doomed system that crashed to its fall in 1914.

The broadest, best and most humane minds everywhere have recognized the need of this **world repentance.** Englishmen especially have acknowledged it, as well they might. Kipling confessed it long before the war, in his "Recessional." Mr. J. A. Marriott, a member of the British Parliament, writing in a recent Hibbert Journal, says: "There must be among the nations a real change of heart; there must, in the language of the Christian ethic, repentance'; the whole world must 'repent' in sackcloth and ashes." "We simply cannot face the future" says Bishop Gore, "without some fundamental 'repentance' or change of mind in the nations—corporate repentance on the widest scale."

One of the ablest and most distinguished literary men of England is Sir Arthur T. Quiller-Couch. In a story of his entitled "Nicky-Nan, Reservist," he describes a recruiting meeting in Cornwall soon after the beginning of the war. The orator of the evening makes the customary speech denouncing the Kaiser and the German atrocities and then calls for recruits. Two young men come forward to enlist. The crowd calls for a speech from one of them. He responds thus: "I don't agree wi' the ha'of that's been said tonight, but I don't see no other way. We've got to go, because—"his voice sank here, as though he were communing with himself; it could scarcely be heard, "because" he swung about upon the elders on the platform and swept them with an accusing finger. "We've got to go because you've brought this thing about, or have let it come about! It don't matter to me, much..But we're to wipe up the mess; an' if the young men must go an' wipe it up, an' if for them there's never to be bride-ale nor children, 'tis your doin' an' the doin' o' your generation all over Europe. A pretty tale, too, when up to a fornit ago your talk was o' peace an' righteousness. I'll fight well enough, maybe, when it comes to it. But why were we brought up one way, to be tortured turnin' our conscience to another."

That is the voice of the conscientious young man of Europe, yes, of the world, speaking to his fathers, not in anger but in deep sorrow and reproach. Surely, following the Master of all dutiful men, he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorows, the chastisement of our peace is upon him and by his wounds we are healed. If anyone thinks there is no reality in the doctrine of the Atonement let him reflect an hour on this war, not fume but reflect.

Yes, it is a time for national, international, world-wide repentance, as well as of rejoicing at the allied victory.

But America—has she anything to repent of? Not so directly and poignantly. Yet we were ourselves a part of the whole sordid, selfish system, as it was reaching out into the Orient and everywhere. Have we nothing to repent of in our relations with China and Japan? Have we played the part of the Big Brother to Mexico?

Not until the virus of national aggrandisement, imperialism, the spoliation of other lands and peoples, of which Germany had become so mad a victim, is out of the blood of the whole body politic, from the least of its numbers to the greatest, can true health and peace and well being return.

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrfice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

"If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

—J. W. B.

REALIZING GOD.

One of the last articles written by the late Jenkin Lloyd Jones, the eminent Chicago minister, was on "Realizing God." It appeared in The Christian Century for September 26.

In the course of the article Dr. Jones asked, "Where is the Almighty in this war?" His answer was: "He is wherever there is a sincere, humble peasant who has left home and loved ones to offer his life a willing sacrifice to his ideal, his thought of right, his cause of God. On which side is God in this battle? He is on the side of the loving, wherever there is a woman's heart breaking, wherever there is a hungry child crying, wherever there is a man in the trenches who gladly accepts danger and hunger and cold and fever in the interest of wife and children beyond the mountains and across the river. He has surveyed no national boundaries. His lexicon is not confined to your language or mine. He is not ignorant of Russ, Hun, Saxon or French. Neither is he partial to any one vocabularly. He is the God of All Souls, and all who climb the mountains of difficulties in his service find him at the top. Nay, like the dew of the Maha Bharata pilgrimage, God has been with his children all the way up the mountain. Wherever the sincere pilgrim is, he is there. God is on their side. So the prayers of all these leaders are justified except when they put a limit to the divine benignancy. Let President and King and Kaiser commend to the unseen and unmeasured their swords, but let them beware lest they practice infidelity and exercise atheism in the face of the Eternal by supposing that he is measured by their limitations, and that his benignancy will shed a radiance only on their side of the trench. His sunshine, aye, his shadows, do fall on both sides of the barbed wire defenses.

"I rest in the faith that the time will come when out of this travail of ours the lesson will be plain which now is so obscure, and that is that God is not on the side of the heaviest battalions, but he is on the side of the loving and loyal, wherever

found, and they are to be found under all the flags. He is on the side of the faithful and the sacrificing. He is with those who travel on their poor, blind little side pathways of duty quite innocent of the truth that those they deem false are going the same way and that connections will be made somewhere on the great highway of love, the great, God turnpike that leads towards heaven."

We are thankful for this final message from that great soul Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

"Give thanks, O heart, for the high souls
That point us to the deathless goals,
For all the courage of their cry
That echoes down from sky to sky;
Thanksgiving for the armed seers,
And heroes called to mortal years—
Souls that have built our faith in man,
And lit the ages as they ran."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones realized God. One who knew him somewhat intimately has written of him:

"In personal character, Mr. Jones was the soul of geniality and good will. Democratic to the core, he was a lover of all sorts and conditions of men, and an unfaltering believer in the human nature that is in us all. His guest room in Abraham Lincoln Center, open to every pilgrim of the spirit, was a fitting symbol of his open mind and hospitable heart. Especially did he love the young and ardent. Those whose ideals were still fresh and faith unreckoning. He cherished each one of them as his own children, arming them with resolution, and helping them to courage. Barriers of nation, of clan, of caste, of convention, of denomination, he abhorred and resolutely endeavored to tear down. It is as impossible to conceive of prejudice and hatred present in his soul, as darkness present in the sun. Religion was to him a way of life, and that way, love."

THE SUPREME COURT JUDGES VERSUS POLICE COURT JUDGES.

Readers of The Pacific will remember that we expressed the judgment that the higher courts would not uphold the verdict of the Los Angeles court which sent to jail for six months the Christian pacifists who were arrested last year for holding a meeting in that city. Evidently the California Supreme Court has more level-headed judges than the Los Angeles police court judge who imposed sentence. These men, however,—the Revs. Robert Whitaker, Floyd Hardin, and Harold Storey—had to serve a part of the sentence before relief came. One of them says in a letter to the Editor of The Pacific who wrote him asking for particulars: "Of the experience itself I shall be glad to write you, sometime, when the passions of the hour have passed. I am glad to have borne the testimony; and glad to have shared a little with the life of the lowly who are in bonds. I have no resentments, but a larger love and tolerance, I hope, than ever before."

At the time of the writing of this article the findings of the Supreme Court had not been published.

The only mention of the decision which we have seen in any California paper was in the Ceres Courier which said in part: "The Supreme Court severely quizzed the prosecution who admitted that the defendants had committed no unlawful act; but 'conduct was against public policy.' Whereupon the Supreme Court practically 'laughed the case out of court.' This ends a farcial prosecution and a rank injustice."

The Friends' Intelligencer, a Philadelphia paper, published a letter from Los Angeles in which was this statement: "The judges, interrogating the city prosecutor, made him admit that no law had been violated, but that he felt he had to do something to stop the convention so as to satisfy the patriots."

The Philadelphia paper declares that it seems almost incredible that this could happen in Germany, but quite unthinkable in California. But it did happen in Los Angeles.

It is one of many things which emphasize the moral damage of war—as did that mob action in Toronto when Mr. Bryan was not allowed to speak there on the great evil of the day—the liquor traffic; and which action, astoundingly, had approval from persons in this country.

THE "SOCIETY PAGE."

Will the "society page" disappear some day from the daily papers? We believe that blessed day is coming. In a new book by Miss Margaret Slattery, reviewed elsewhere in this number of The Pacific, there is brief incidental expression of the judgment that the "society page" may disappear in time. It is in that connection that Miss Slattery tells of a group of girls in one of our large cities who wanting to do "something worth while" laid far-reaching plans for a league of girlhood that promised real service. "Because of the prominence of their families hints regarding the organization appeared on 'the society page' in the leading papers. Two of the girls sought the editors, assured them "that this was not a 'society' event, that it had no place on that page, that it was a movement of all the girls to get together and stand together for the good of all, and asked that it be treated as an important civic and community matter. The men impressed by the earnestness and sincerity of the girls treated the movement with dignity and the result was marvelous. The girls of the city, the whole city, in every phase of its life, five thousand of them, did get together, and the work organized is meaning much in that city's life."

Miss Slattery say that the spirit of genuine and sincere effort on the part of girls to get together, and in mutual appreciation each of the other to accomplish things is "one of the great indications of the coming of the new order."

She declares that the one great outstanding

characteristic of "the girl at home" in America, as she has known her, is her discontent.

A self-centered existence is not satisfying them as it did aforetime.

Miss Slattery tells us that one of the things in life that most deeply impresses her is the mighty power of an intangible ideal, that it reaches down and out and up until it affects all life, just how or when one cannot say. Not long ago a woman was telling her with much pride of her daughter's presentation at a foreign court, of all the honors that had come to her in the social world. But note a change: "That woman has two sons, one is now a non-commissioned officer in one of our large cantonments, the other is in the aviation services. The daughter who was presented amidst such pomp and splendor at court has married a young non-commissioned officer in the American army. She is living in a very ordinary hotel so as to be near him as long as she can before he must go over seas. Then she plans to go into her father's office where help is greatly needed. **And the mother is content.** But before the war she would not permit any attention to her daughter on the part of the man she has married." That mother never mentions the foreign court now, nor any such glories. "An ideal has seized even her ambitious soul—the ideal of democracy versus autocracy."

Miss Slattery represents many girls dissatisfied with the treadmill of society and similar inane things as saying: "There is something wrong in the great extremes one sees in city life. I do not believe that giving a part of my allowance and teaching a class on Thursday and Sundays is a fair contribution. I want to do something worth while."

Well, are the things that are chronicled on the society pages of our daily papers things that are worth while? We do not so estimate them; and we believe that the better democracy that the war is bringing about will operate to wipe it out. We never see the words "the smart set" without thinking of a word the opposite of smart, a word applicable to one of the classes of our people for whom asylums have to be built.

A MIGHTIER THAN MAMMON.

"At last, after centuries, when the tension and strain of the old society can go no further, and ruin on every side seems impending,

"Behold! behind and beneath it all, in dim prefigurement, yet clear and not to be mistaken—the outline and draft of a New Order."

WHAT A REVIVAL OF RELIGION WOULD MEAN.

The British weekly reports Dr. J. D. Jones to have "showed refreshingly in a recent sermon how a revival of religion would inevitably mean an utterly Christianized business life." "And he wondered, were we truly ready for it? Few men could feel comfortable with Christ as business partner. If He came all men would have to choose between their methods and His. A revival was always a disturbing and revolutionizing thing. Yet, knowing all the cost of Christ's coming, it was his prayer that we all might have grace to say, 'Even so, Christ come!"

RELIGIOUS WORLD NOTES.

Dr. Jowett remarked in a recent sermon: "I suppose there has never been a period in the history of the world when there were so many people nestling in the Lord."

A layman of vision says that religion after the war bids fair to be "a thing of practice, not of faith or doctrine." He says also that there will be fewer costly churches and among church members more humbleness of spirit.

Dr. Campbell Morgan remarked in a recent sermon in London that "God had been taking the church into the wilderness the last four years and letting it look into the eyes of the devil." And then he added: "She had begun to believe there was no devil.'

Madam Asa Hirooka, the millionaire Japanese evangelist, now seventy years old, was opposed to Christianity up to the age of sixty. At that time she began a systematic study of the Bible under the Rev. Mr. Miyagawa of Osaka, giving to it four hours a week for two years. Then she accepted Christ. She continues to be a close student of the Bible.

"The religious tomorrow of America lies latent in the soldiers of today," says Bishop Brent, senior chaplain on the staff of General Pershing. "Our soldiers are in a temper of mind to welcome greedily the truth of God from the hearts of true men. They are at the most receptive moment of their lives. They are quick to detect and spurn unreality and sham. They are in search of, and responsive to, what is real."

A Honolulu Japanese says that Hawaii's arrowhead is always pointing to the Orient. "Since I came to Hawaii seven years ago I have discovered that Hawaii has an ambition to enlighten and advance the countries on the shores of the Pacific." * * * * "The arrowhead has never changed its direction since the missionaries came to Hawaii from New England. They had hardly dropped their anchor in this port until they were looking forward to helping the Orient."

An article in The Friend, a Honolulu publication, states: "Evidence seems to be accumulating that far more Oriental boys than girls are coming under Christian influences here in the Islands. Veteran missionaries tell us that this holds good in the Sunday schools and churches particularly. One went so far as to say that the Japanese girls are peculiarly susceptible to Buddhist influence, and

that their mothers are harder to reach than their fathers. From those who are building up clubs and other social betterment organizations there is the same testimony." The writer of the article says that these things are not yet substantiated, but that if they are facts, the chances for evangelizing the next generation are very much reduced —the mothers being a great influence in the homes. It is added: "Then again, to be a Buddhist here in Hawaii, means to be not only intensely Japanese (from a nationalistic point of view) but such a soil is peculiarly hostile to Christianity. * * * * As for the Chinese, traditional conservatism in the matter of the care of their girls make it harder to get at and influence them. Until quite recently it might be said that the only Chinese and Japanese we have been able to reach in Kawaiahao School have been the socially handicapped and those not provided for at home."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Tokyo, as well as London, has an "East Side"— where practically a million are crowded together in ways that twentieth century civilization will not allow to exist much longer.

"When the present war began, Democracy was in a chaotic state," says The New-Church Review. "The mistaken idea prevailed that the pursuit of happiness lay in the pursuit of wealth."

In an article in the Library Journal it is stated that not a few of the soldiers in hospitals over the seas crave, for reading, an old-fashioned love story. One librarian who did not expect to find much call for such books says that she soon began to take several with her everytime she made the rounds.

Mr. Frederic Coleman, who has spent considerable time in Russia, has written a book which throws much light on the situation in that country. His book has had wide commendation and general acceptance as the most authoritative put forth. "Of the bourgeoise class he has no good to say, and seems to think that their actions before and since the revolution have properly earned for them the scorn so frankly expressed by the workers," says a reviewer in the New York Times.

Are Wages a Gift? A manufacturer who was discussing his employees not long ago remarked: "There is no gratitude in them. I voluntarily raised one man's wages; he had been with me for years at the same weekly rate, and I made the increase of my own motion without request from him. Going through the factory the other day I was stopped by the man. Of course I thought he wanted to thank me. Nothing of the kind; he told me the increase was not enough. I tell you there is no gratitude in them, no matter what you do for them." Commenting on this, Mr. James M. Lynch, New York State Industrial Commissioner, declares that "wages are not a gift."

Bishop Gore, the eminent British churchman, now in this country, was asked recently, "What is England thinking about the Labor Party?" His reply was: 'Many people are saying that there will be a Labor Government before five years are passed. I do not know as to that, of course, but many of the articles of the Labor Party's program will certainly become laws ere long. The aristocracy know that power is slipping from them, and they are fully prepared to help in forwarding many reforms."

In January of this year Mr. John Masefield, the English poet and playwright and the official historian of Haig's army in France, predicted that the next British Parliament would be a Labor Parliament and that it would take unto itself the intellectual workers as well as the hand workers. "England will be saved by the Liberal with his intellect, and the Labor man with his power," Masefield remarked at that time: "A good many of the Lords have become democratized." The months since have brought steady indications that Masefield predicted well.

The Secretary of the Interior estimates that not less than eighteen million acres of arid land can be irrigated and farmed if our water supply is properly utilized. About three million acres have already been made productive or will be when projects are completed. It is thought that two hundred million acres of cut-over timber land can be made productive also. In addition are about eighty million acres of swamp land that can be reclaimed. When the soldiers come back from Europe, and work has to be provided for everybody as it must be in a real democracy, we may expect the formulation of plans by the government that will in a few years turn great wastes into the most fertile portions of our national domain.

Two hundred girls from the countries of the Orient are students in the schools and colleges in this country. About one hundred are from China; about fifty from Japan. Others are from Korea and other countries. Four of the ten Chinese girls who came to the United States this fall as indemnity fund scholars are studying to be physicians. It is said that sociology is a popular study with the Chinese girls who come here for an education. The students who come here are from all ranks in life. Some are from the homes of the wealthy and prominent officials; some are from Christian homes, and some from non-Christian. They have had their education in the home land— some in mission schools, some in government and some in private schools. They are as to religion— Christians, Confuciansts, Buddhists, and Agnostics.

The United States is known in a variety of ways in Europe. While our soldiers have been over there fighting for a better world civilization and while all that we as a people have been doing for the stricken peoples of Europe has been

everywhere redounding to our credit, the people in those countries have been reading things about us that have astounded them. For instance, the Contemporary Review for September, one of the great British Reviews, has an article concerning the treatment of the Negro in this country, in which we read with reference to the East St. Louis massacre: "The spectacle has not been equaled in modern history outside the blood-soaked hamlets of Armenia." A Russian Jew is quoted as saying: "The Russians at least gave the Jews a chance to run while they were trying to murder them. The whites in East St. Louis fired the homes of black folks and either did not allow them to leave the burning houses or shot them the moment they dared attempt to escape the flames." The Contemporary Review article sets forth even worse than that, stating this fact: "A baby was snatched from its mother's arms and flung into a blazing house while white women held the mother until the men shot her to death." A St. Louis Dispatch reporter is quoted: "I saw man after man, with hands raised pleading for his life, surrounded by groups of men who had never seen him before and knew nothing about him except that he was black—and saw them administer the historic sentence of intolerance, death by stoning." But this is only a little of the fiendish treatment of Negroes in this country of late. Some months later than the atrocious acts at East St Louis a woman was hanged head downwards on a stake, she was riddled with bullets and while yet alive her clothing was saturated with kerosene and she was then burned to death. All that she had done was to express gratification that her husband who was charged with some crime had escaped a mob that pursued him.

AN INDIAN FUNERAL.

A young Sioux Indian who died a few weeks ago at Camp Dodge in Iowa was buried by his relatives and friends in a little cemetery out on the Dakota prairies.

A white woman who attended the funeral services writes:

"It was in some respects one of the most remarkable demonstrations of patriotism I have ever witnessed.

"A short service was conducted in the yard of the father's home, with the casket resting in the shadow of the open summer house so typical of all Indian living, and this service was conducted by an Indian missionary whose education enables him so to minister to his people. The home is situated on a very high hill, so that long before we reached it we could see the large crowd of Indians who had gathered to pay their last tribute to the young hero. Long before we reached the home we could also see Old Glory floating from a tall flag pole that had been set up since the news of his death had reached the reservation.

After the brief service at the house the procession started for the church and cemetery. Each of the five young men who were pallbearers has qualified for military service, though some have been rejected on account of physical unfitness and others have not yet been examined. Each one of them had pinned to the lapel of his coat streamers of red, white, and blue. At the front of the procession rode a young Indian brave on an Indian pony and carrying the dear old flag. Behind him moved the automobile carrying the remains of the young soldier and over him floated another large flag. Behind the body rode the pallbearers on swift Indian ponies. Several Indian families were in cars, but many more were in wagons, the old women and men chanting their lamentations for the dead. Surely here was the mingling of the old primitive life with the new regime, and over all a spirit of patriotism that was unspeakably touching and sincere. I cannot think that any more impressive military funeral cortege every passed along a highway than moved that day over the far Dakota prairies."

THE NEW WOMAN OF FRANCE.

Stephen Lauzanne, the Paris editor who was in this country recently, says that the war has given France a new woman.

Before the war the French girl might work in a department store at 40 cents a day, she could be a seamstress and earn even less, or she could marry the man her parents selected for her. But now the war has opened vast industrial possibilities to her. From 40 cents, her earning capacity has jumped to $2 and more a day.

This unprecedented wealth, according to M. Lauzanne, led the French girl for a time into an orgy of shopping, a period of intoxicated reveling in the dainty luxuries always hitherto forbidden her. That is now over, according to M. Lauzanne, who says:

"I assure you that the new woman of France has not permanently lost her head. She has begun to think with it, that is all. Our people are by nature economical and thrifty.

"After our working girl had her little fling—her orgy of shopping—she swung back again to normal. She began to look about for the best way of saving her money. Mind you, she lived better, had better clothes and food, but she started a bank account. I will give you some figures."

The figures when produced demonstrated that whereas a bank account was a rare thing with French women before the war, savings banks deposits for France has shown a big increase since 1914 largely because of accounts opened by women war workers. His conclusion is that the French women "will never return to the old order of things. After the war they will learn stenography, bookkeeping, architecture, law, medicine or newspaper reporting.

"I have been editor of Le Matin," says M. Lauzanne, "since 1901. In all that time I have had but one woman in an editorial capacity on my

staff, But," he added with a wry smile, "perhaps I may have a dozen on my staff under the new regime."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

California sends four women to the legislature! We congratulate the State of California.

Many persons say that they miss The Pacific greatly as a weekly, but that the first number of the monthly was excellent.

The indications now are that the legislature of California will have a majority for national prohibition.

The Oregon Agricultural College, at Corvallis, has the second largest attendance of students, among the educational institutions on the Pacific Coast. The University of California stands first.

The Pacific does not need to chronicle the fact that churches all over the Pacific coast have been closed for several weeks because of the influenza epidemic. In many places brief services will be allowed next Sunday but attendants will be required to wear masks.

Among the speakers last week at the anniversary of the Lord's Day Alliance of the United States, in New York City, was United States Senator Jones of Washington. He was mentioned on a preliminary announcement as "a leader of great moral reform issues."

California sends a negro to the legislature, and so does Missouri. God is marching on. The Missouri man will represent the St. Louis district. It is significant that he was elected largely by the votes of white people. The California member of the legislature is a Los Angeles man.

"The Jews have been stirred to a new interest in the sacred scriptures," says the Rev. Wesley Mell, the Pacific Coast agent of the American Bible Society. "They have been more accessible to colportage work, and several have come to our Bible headquarters and purchased the Old and New Testaments."

We had this week the following pleasant and discriminatory estimate of The Pacific from Miss Happy A. MacLafferty of Tacoma: "In these days when we must be content with simply 'looking over' much that is printed, I read The Pacific." Dr. Sidney Strong of Seattle wrote recently that The Pacific was edited.

An American Bible colporteur has traveled from Southern California to Washington this year, most of the way on foot, pushing a little cart loaded with Bibles. Along the way he painted on rocks and fences five hundred signs of scripture texts. Most of the time he has slept out doors, sometimes in the open, at times under bridges, and again in barns. He is sixty-six years old.

A middle-aged business man who went over to France as a Y. M. C. A. worker remarked to the Rev. W. L. Stidger, pastor of the First Methodist Church of San Jose, when he was on the battle-front: "I have never been colder or muddier or wetter or happier in all my life. I have been reborn in middle-life. I have found my fellow-men, I have found myself, and I have found God."

A California representative of the American Bible Society writes in a letter to the Pacific Agency: "I have met an American Indian who was very much interested in the Hebrew Old Testament, and it was some surprise to me to find an Indian with such knowledge of the scripture. He told me he has helped to translate the Bible into the dialect of his tribe on the Mexican border."

Many of the readers of The Pacific will wish to read the sketch of the life of the Rev. Thomas W. Walters who came to the Pacific Northwest in 1882, and who for many years did some of the finest work that has been done in Eastern Washington. Dr. Jonathan Edwards, his friend of half a century, writes the article, which takes us back to Wales and gives us a glimpse of life as it was there a few decades ago.

A paper by Professor Buckham of the Pacific School of Religion, on "The Enlarging Place of Christ in Modern Thought," appears in the September number of The Constructive Quarterly—a Journal of the Faith, Work, and Thought of Christendom. The Constructive Quarterly is an Oxford University Press publication, London. The American edition is copyrighted by George H. Doran, the New York publisher. This paper by Professor Buckham was read by him at the Congregational National Council at Columbus.

A Berkeley resident who responded to a call for books to be sold by Red Cross workers for funds with which to buy yarn for knitting purposes selected about a hundred volumes from his library shelves, all of which were of value, and put them carefully into boxes, so that they could be readily handled. He was absent from home when two young women called for them in an automobile. He was considerably disgusted on his return when he was told that the young women, not knowing that the boxes were to go with the books, had tumbled them into the automobile as if they were turnips.

"The Plymouth of the Pacific Coast" is what a writer in the Overland Monthly calls the old Spanish town of San Diego. "Here was made the first permanent settlement on the Pacific Coast of the United States by white men; here was built the first mission; here were planted the first gardens." Accordingly the writer believes the place may rightly be called "the Plymouth of the West Coast." A "Plymouth Rock" is there also. This is on the bluff known as Presidio Hill, overlooking the town, Mission Valley, and the bay. It is the spot

where Junipero Serra watched and prayed long hours for the relief ship which was to come with food and other supplies. A cross stands there made out of the material used in the first mission building.

Away up in the Sierra wilderness of Humboldt County there is an Episcopal Church, nearly all the members of which are Indians. The rector's parish index cards bear 700 names, and all but a few are of Indian blood. The church has a service flag on which are the names of nineteen Indian boys now in their country's service. The church is at Orleans, a place 120 miles from the railroad at Arcata, from which point it is reached by motor. Bishop Moreland made his annual visit to the church in October. Among the persons present at the services conducted by him were "Old Fannie," formerly a voodoo doctress, who a few years ago gave the land for a church building, refusing pay for it; and "Camp Creek Charley," at one time the chief gambler of that region.

"Lottie G." the fastest horse the San Francisco fire department ever owned, is on the retired list now and will be sent to a farm in the country where her "keep" will be paid for by humane friends. Once a race horse, she had a record of 2:16. Two chiefs drove her for many years in their buggies, until the advent of the automobile. "Awney Geoghan," the veteran who had fought in a thousand fires was about to be sold recently. But a member of the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has provided for a home in the country. Seven old fire horses have been on pasture near Martinez for some time. Others are in Golden Gate Park where they are used occasionally for such light work as carting leaves. The superintendent of the fire department says that people are in error who think that a fire department horse has an easy time of it. "In reality it is probably the hardest life a horse can experience. In the fire houses the horses have the best of care, with plenty of food of the best quality, and they are petted and made much of by the men, but when called upon to work they must respond quickly and willingly and must endure hardship that would probably break another horse. Those that lack gameness cannot stay long in the department." The San Francisco fire department now has one hundred horses, but new motor apparatus will ere long put them all out of service.

In an article on "Indian life in the Sierra Forests," Charles Howard Shinn tells of an old Mono who would never mention his Indian name, but who would proudly slap himself on his chest and exclaim: "Me Mono; me Gladstone!" The supposition is that some tourist noting his solemn talks to silent groups had at some time bestowed on him this cognomen, and, delighted with the sound of it, the Indian had retained it. Of the Indians of California in general Mr. Shinn says that there is a revival of interest in them and their relation to our social problems. And his words are: "If you knew these Indians so well as to get their honest opinions, they would sum up about this way: More land, more live stock, better education for our children, and the square deal.'" Mr. Shinn writes further: "There are those who hope to keep the old Indian industries alive, but one can plainly see difficulties in the way of that. The younger Indians are not learning to make baskets, any more than arrow heads. They begin to want trades, steadier work, more education, more live stock, little gardens, orchards, farms." And these things he says will come by slow degrees. "Every development in the National Forest helps them along towards fuller life and better ideals, while leaving them the outdoor freedoms which they so prize, and of which we Americans ought to have much more than we do. In some important particulars the Indian beats us. For one thing he does not work his fingers to the bone and make a mere drudge of himself. As a Mono philosopher once said: 'Poor Indian have too little, rich white man have too much. Um! Um!' Mr. Shinn says that the Monos have occupied for several hundred years the areas where they still make their camps. These and other tribes, distinguishable only by the ethnologist, occupy the eastern part of Mariposa, Madera and Fresno counties, and parts of Inyo and Mono. All told they do not number more than a thousand. They have comfortable cabins, with chimneys, and second-hand cook stoves. They choose picturesque locations with as commanding an outlook as possible. One old Indian once explained: "Indian no like get shut in; rather pack water up hill."

UPTON SINCLAIR'S ICONOCLASM.

A Berkeley friend handed us recently a copy of Upton Sinclair's new book, **The Profits of Religion,** and asked for an opinion concerning it.

Here is what Mr. Sinclair himself says of his book: "This book will be denounced from one end of Christendom to the other as the work of a blasphemous infidel, yet it stands in the direct line of the Christian tradition; written by a man who was brought up in the Church, and loved it with all his heart and soul, and was driven out by the formalist and hypocrites in high places; a man who thinks of Jesus more frequently and with more devotion than he thinks of any other man that lives or has lived on earth, and who has but one purpose in all that he says and does—to bring into reality the dream that Jesus dreamed of peace on earth and good will toward men."

All well-informed persons will discern that it is impossible to successfully controvert much that Mr. Sinclair says against the church and against religion as it often has been lived. He has the facts of history on his side. The objection to be made is that he concentrates on the bad and imperfect and ignores the good. But it is all for a

purpose. He calls his book "An Essay in Economic Interpretation." He is a Socialist, one who says that he does not expect to see the Church pass away, that he expects see it redeemed, believing that it "answers one of the fundamental needs of man." These are his words in part: "The Social Revolution will abolish poverty and parasitism; it will make temptations fewer and the soul's path through life much easier; but it will not remove the necessity of struggle for individual virtue; it will only clear the way for the discovery of newer and higher types of virtue. Men will gather more than ever in beautiful places to voice their love of life and of one another, but the places in which they gather will be places swept clean of superstition and tyranny."

Ministers and laymen in our churches should read Mr. Sinclair's book. It will help towards purifying the Church.

We make one or two citations from his arraignment. He quotes from the writer of an article on Trinity Corporation in Everybody's Magazine for July, 1908: "Decay, neglect and squalor seem to brood wherever Trinity is owner. Gladly would I give such a charitable and benevolent institution all possible credit for a spirit of improvement manifested anywhere, but I can find no such manifestation. I have tramped the Eighth Ward day after day with a list of Trinity properties in my hands, and of all the tenements houses that stand there on Trinity's land, I have not found one that is not a disgrace to civilization and to the City of New York."

Mr. Sinclair tells then of the time when he was a boy in New York, when he carried one-half of the train of the Bishop of Trinity in the stately ceremonials of the Church. He read in the papers that the Bishop's wife had been robbed of fifty thousand dollars worth of jewels. It did not seem to him to be in accordance with the teachings of of Jesus that the Bishop's wife should possess fifty thousand dollars worth of jewels. To quote his own words now: "I asked my clergyman friend about it, and remember his patient explanation—that the Bishop had to know all classes and conditions of men; his wife had to go to the rich as well as the poor, and must be able to dress so that she would not be embarrassed. The Bishop at this time was making his life work to raise a million dollars for the beginning of a cathedral and this, of course, compelled him to spend much time among the rich.

"The explanation satisfied me; for of course I thought there had to be cathedrals—despite the fact that both St. Stephen and St. Paul had declared that 'the Lord dwelleth not in temples made with hands.' In the twenty-five years that have passed since that time the good Bishop has passed to his eternal reward, but the mighty structure which is a monument to his visitations among the rich towers over the city from the vantage point of Morningside Heights. It is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; and knowing what I do about the men who contributed its funds, and about the general functions of the churches of the Metropolis of Mammon, it would not seem to be less holy if it were built like the monuments of ancient ravagers, out of the skulls of human beings."

The Churchman, the organ of Episcopalianism in this country—according to Mr. Sinclair the organ of New York Episcopalianism—gives him occasion for one of the most caustic comments. He quotes that paper as giving this warning: "It is necessary to remember that something more than material and temporal considerations are involved. There are things of more importance to the purposes of God and to the welfare of humanity than economic readjustments and social amelioration."

And again from the same paper: "Without doubt there is a strong temptation today, bearing upon clergy and laity alike, to address their religious energies too exclusively to those tasks whereby human life may be made more abundant and wholesome materially. * * * We need constantly to be reminded that spiritual things come first."

And then Mr. Sinclair writes: "There come before my mental eye the elegant ladies and gentlemen for whom these comfortable sayings are prepared: the vestrymen and pillars of the Church, with black frock coats and black kid gloves and shiny top-hats; the ladies of good society with their Easter costumes in pastel shades, their gracious smiles and their sweet intoxicating odors. I picture them as I have seen them at St. George's, where that aged wild boar, Pierpont Morgan, the elder, used to pass the collection plate; at Holy Trinity, where they drove downtown in old-fashioned carriages with grooms and footmen sitting like twin statues of insolence; at St. Thomas', where you might see all the 'Four Hundred' on exhibition at once; at St. Mary the Virgin's, where the choir paraded through the aisles, swinging costly incense into my childish nostrils, the stout clergyman walking alone with nose upturned, carrying on his back a jeweled robe for which some adoring female had paid sixty thousand dollars." And Mr. Sinclair asks, scornfully, whether spiritual things do come first.

Epidemic cholera is raging in Russia; it has reached Sweden; and it is gaining headway, so it is reported, in Germany. Unless the signs fail, there is going to be a recrudescence of this scourge in Turkey, throughout the Balkans, and possibly in Austria. Italy has managed to keep the disease at bay by the strictest kind of surveillance. After the restoration of peace, unless extraordinary precautions be taken and exceptional restraints imposed, certain diseases will in all likelihood gather strength and spread with virulence. The reaction after war may induce epidemics that may levy a heavier toll than that of the battlefronts .

The true soul has no final waterloo.

The Cry of the World.

(The Pacific is indebted to the New Era Movement of the Presbyterian Church for this graphic wording of the World's Cry. It ought to stir the Church throughout the world to action. —Editor.)

I HUNGER AND THIRST...My bread is bitter and it does not satisfy. I have "hewed out cisterns, broken cisterns that hold no water." O Church, have you broken bread to spare? Do you know the way to "the living fountain" where I may assuage my thirst?

I TOIL. It would be good to toil, but my labors are so often vain. My soul is ground into dust in the wheels of fate. O Church, is there any rest for the weary? Is there hope that my labor may not be in vain? **I am consumed with passion.** The fires of greed, kindled by selfishness and fanned by the winds of pride and ambition, are eating out my heart. O Church, is there any one who can speak peace to my troubled soul?

I AM RESTLESS. I seek what is not mine. I want what I do not need and refuse the gift that would satisfy every desire. O Church, have you the secret of constancy, the key to an unwavering life?

I SWING LIKE A PENDULUM, from shallow optimism which defiles my reason to sordid pessimism which throtles my conscience. I need a center that will satisfy both mind and heart. O Church, is there written in your Book the meaning of "the life that now is," as well as the "promise of one to come"?

I WANT A MASTER MIGHTIER THAN MYSELF. For a cycle of centuries I have been a slave to the tyrant of self. I need One whom to serve will set me free. O Church, have you the name of such a One, who himself serves and sets men free?

I SEEK A TEACHER WISER THAN MYSELF. My sciences are changed like garments. My philosophies drive me upon the treadmill of endless speculation. My doubts blind me and my fears drive me mad. O Church, are you wise enough to teach me, or do you know of One who can?

I DEMAND A PRIEST WHO IS HOLIER THAN MYSELF. There is nothing for me in one who has all of my weakness without all of my strength. I will not confess my sin to an unshriven soul. O Church, is your heart pure and are your hands clean? Do you know of "One mighty to save"?

I CRAVE IMMORTALITY. In the midst of all my idle dreaming and "frantic boast" there is a yearning heart that hopes. I long to live! O Church, is there One who can bring "life and immortality to light?"

I AM WAR-WEARY AND RACKED WITH STRIFE. Struggle, anguish, travail, death are the points upon my compass. O Church, do you know of a righteousness that is worth fighting for, of a cause that is worth dying for, of a victory that is worth the full price?

I YEARN FOR A GOLDEN AGE. My dreams tell me of a day when divine alchemy shall turn my stones into iron, iron into brass and brass into gold. O Church, will my dreams ever come true? Is there yet to dawn one glorious day?

I AM WAITING FOR A CHURCH. It must be mighty enough to conquer me and loving enough to win me. I will not be deceived by a Church which is torn by the very jealousies that have rent my soul. I scorn the message of a Church that preaches what it does not strive to practice. I despise the cant of a Church that bids me love when selfishness is crowned wihin its gates.

I LONG AND (even in my sin and sorrow) **I PRAY** for a Church that will lay down its life for my sake like One of whom I have heard, the "hem of whose garment" I have sometimes touched but to whom I have not yet looked for life.

I WAIT FOR THE CHURCH OF THE DAWNING DAY. Its altar-fires will be burning brightly with holy love. The smoking incense of true devotion to God and sincere service to fellow men will rise daily in its sacred courts. Its Heavenly Book will be opened wide. Its sacrificial Cross will be uplifted in the lives of those who call it theirs, and He who died for me will draw me unto Himself.

SOME OF THE READING OF AN OPTIMIST.

The writer of this article heard a man bewailing the decay of religion not long ago, and one of the things on which his wail was based was some changed views of the Sabbath. When the writer reached home he picked up a little book by Professor Hugh Black of Union Theological Seminary in which he read:

"We must not pay too much heed to the general wail about the decay of religion. It often means only the decay of certain kinds of religion, or even a certain church. * * * A religious man may be tempted to despair of religion because of changed views of the Sabbath. In every age we find traces of the pessimism which asserts that civilization is breaking to pieces. We see now that such judgment was vitiated by a narrow standard. A political creed will affect judgment as a religious creed does. Sometimes the very growth of democracy has been assumed to be a sign of decay. Even a sociological creed will bias the mind of judges. * * * Perhaps our greatest need is to be able to hold by a rational optimism. Various forms of slushy optimism are common among us. They consist mostly of shutting our eyes to fact. No honest man wants to get peace that way. We need a true and more courageous view of what actually is. All that a brave man needs is a living faith in the order and sanity and purposiveness of the universe. He is content with the wages of 'going on.' He renews his strength; for he believes that lying back of the world and life there is something that he can call purpose."

When that book was laid down another was picked up. This happened to be Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." In that the eyes fell on this:

"Roaming in thought over the Universe I saw the
little that is good steadily hastening towards
immortality,
And the vast all that is called evil I saw hastening
to merge itself and become lost and dead."

That book was laid down and a third was picked up. This was "The Higher Ministries of English Poetry," by Gunsaulus. In his study of Matthew Arnold, Gunsaulus quoted, "He that believeth shall not make haste," and then remarked: "Goethe's 'unhasting, unresting' was born of the serenity and eagerness of faith. All sobriety of mind where the realities of life are in full view, all calm at the center of the storm as coolness in the heart of flame, all self-restraint amidst noisy anarchy, all cloudless vision while clouds smite below as 'ignorant armies clash by night'—these are cradled and nurtured by faith. Faith has the sense of the universal and says with Emerson to voluble haste: 'Why so hot, my little sir?' Faith knows the mighty presences, and, trusting them, faith enters and camps within their silences. Faith has the sense of the eternal and dwells there. It has taken all its chastened care and feverish anxiety where time is no more. It knows the place and room, the time and leisure of the Father of Eternity, whose home is the Infinite. Faith does not make haste. 'My Father worketh hitherto and I work'—this is its untroubled mood. 'The Eternal Not Ourselves that makes for Righteousness'—if God be nothing more—he is eternally for righteousness. Faith lives in the consciousness that there is much done, much doing, and much yet to do which God has done, is doing, and will do; and it escapes all stoical indifference, though working as cheerfully and hopefully, because of the character and method of God."

That book was laid down and a fourth was taken up, and this was what the eyes fell on from the pen of that English seer—Edward Carpenter:

"The Stranger glides to and fro, hours and centuries and thousand-year stretches he waits.

"Among the children of mankind he waits. He takes his place with the rest; he is a king, a poet, a soldier, a priest, a herdsman, a fig-pricker, a pariah.

"It is indifferent: he sees all and passes with all—joy surrounds him wherever he is.

"He sees the down-trodden and out-cast, he sees the selfish and tyrannical, he looks them right in the face, but they do not see him.

"He sees the patient and heroic; but he utters no word of praise or blame.

"The tall ash-shoots aspire in the hedge-rows; the trees lift innumerable fingers towards the sky, the brooks run downward unceasingly, atoms that have remained for thousands of years sealed in the rocks arise and pass beyond the boundaries of the earth and go voyaging through space.

"All else hastens onward towards some unknown accomplishment—unerring.

"He waits secure and sings the song of praise.

"The morning and the evening are his song, and the land and the sea are the words of it; and the voices of all creation heard in silence are the perpetual offering of it. * * * *

"What he desires, what he alone dreams of, that all mortal things through all time and space never-ceasingly occupy themselves to perform.

"His fingers, as he sits at ease among the other children, are the myriad sunbeams and the thicksown stars and the innumerable blades of grass.

"The winds are his messengers over all the world, and flames of fire his servants; the ice-bergs break from their northern shores, the southern lands clothe themselves with green and yellowing crops, and the clouds float over the half-concealed dappled and shaded Earth—to fulfil his will, to fulfil his eternal joy."

This last book to which he turned grips the Optimist and his optimism increases as he reads on. He comes on the words:

"The Meaning of It All."

Ah, he exclaims, that's what I want—the meaning! And then he reads:

"Ages and ages back,

"Out of the long grass with infinite pain raising
itself into the upright position,

"A creature, forerunner of man, with swift eyes glanced around.
"So today once more,
"With pain, pain and suffering, driven by what strange instinct—who can tell?
"Out of the great jungle of Custom and supposed Necessity, into a new and wonderful life, to new and wonderful knowledge,
"Surpassing words, surpassing all past experience —the Man, the meaning of it all,
"Uprears himself again."

The Optimist thinks for a moment of the world, as conditions have been for long, weary months, and then his eyes are drawn back to the book and he reads:

"In all directions gulfs and yawning abysses,
"The ground of society cracking, the fire showing through,
"The old ties giving way beneath the strain, and the great pent heart heaving as though it would break—
"At the sound of the new word spoken.

* * * * *

"The old structures can no longer stand, their very foundations are shifted;
"And men run forth in terror from the old before they can yet find firm ground for the new.
"No volcano bursting up through peaceful pastures is a greater revolution than this;
"No vast mountain chain thrown out from ocean depths to form the primitive streak of a new continent looks further down the future;
"For this is lava springing out of the very heart of Man;
"This is the upheaval of heaven-kissing summits whose streams shall feed the farthest generations,
"This is the draft and outline of a new creature,
"The forming of the wings of Man beneath the outer husk—
"The outspread pinions of Equality whereon arising he shall at last lift himself over the Earth and launch forth to sail through Heaven."

"THE AMERICAN GIRL AND HER COMMUNITY."

A New Book by Miss Margaret Slattery.

The reading public always expects something good from Miss Slattery when there is announcement of a book by her. In this latest book there are sketches of the American girl and Her Community—The Rural Girl, The Suburban Girl, The City Girl, The Business Girl, The Schoolgirl, The Girl at Home. Then are set forth certain things which she believes that every community owes to the girls therein.

In considering America as both debtor and creditor to every girl within her borders Miss Slattery writes: "She owes to her the opportunity for the fullest development of body, mind, and soul; she has the right to demand that in return for the opportunity given, every girl shall live at her best and contribute her full share to the good of all.

"It is, after all, the ideal of our Lord, which he did not relinquish even in persecution, misunderstanding, or facing the cross. Not on the basis of master and servant did he plan his Kingdom; but on the basis of friend with friend, neighbor with neighbor—each serving and being served."

In the course of her book Miss Slattery tells of the answer she received from girls, at a summer conference a few years ago, to the subjects "What America Owes Me" and "What I Owe America." In the articles America was to be personified. A girl of seventeen who lived in a crowded section of a great city and who worked in a corset factory, wrote:

"I believe that you owe me more room to live in. I never thought so much about it until I came up here. I have often wished to be by myself, but there was no place. Up here it is beautiful, and you think about so many things you never thought of before. It seems as if there shouldn't always be a crowd around, in the factory and in the street and in the house—always a noise and quarreling and talking, I've got a little sister four years old, and since I've been up here I've been thinking that she ought not to have to see and hear all the things she does. * * * * It doesn't seem right to have to live where things are as they are at home." Then the girl says she thinks that they ought to get more pay for their work or else get things cheaper. She ends hopelessly with the words: "I don't suppose any of these things can be done, but it seems to me it's what is owed us."

Miss Slattery thinks it can be done, and much more also. Slackers in the batle for humanity might get a litle "pep" into their systems by reading this book. In her article on "The Girl at Home"—considering the girl who doesn't have to earn her own livelihood, Miss Slattery writes: "I believe that both the parents of the girl at home and the girl herself should realize that the day is coming when there shall be no parasites in the social order—when all women gladly, and as though it were a high privilege, will contribute according to their ability and training, to the national life."

In her article on "The Business Girl," Miss Slattery says: "There is today no more self-reliant, dependable, efficient group of women in America than the business girl who has made good." Miss Slattery would have the community seek to be worthy of them, to do its part toward making it possible for them to march steadily on to even more valuable service in the new democracy of which we dream—yes, more than dream just now. **Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.25.**

So long as this world is as bodly out of joint as it is, fidelity to the highest that we know may lead us up the steps of Calvary. That is where it led Jesus, and we must not be afraid to follow him.—Washington Gladden.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Jerusalem Past and Present. By Gaius Glenn Atkins. Interest turns anew these days to "The City of Undying Memories." Dr. Atkins sets forth in graphic manner the dramatic story of the changing fortunes of Jerusalem. We quote a paragraph: "In the 2,900 years between the 1000 B. C. and 1918 A. D., Jerusalem has been besieged and captured twenty-four times. Its walls have again and again been levelled, its very site has been plowed and sown with salt. It has belonged to the ancient Canaanite, to the Jew, to the Greek, to the Roman, to the Syrian, to the Chaldean, to the Arab, to the Turk, to Latin Europe, and to England. Blood enough has been shed there to brim all its reservoirs, deeds enough of shame and glory have been done there to make a record of mingled light and darkness never to be forgotten. It is associated with the faith of the Jew, the fanaticism of the Mohammedan and the adoration of the Christian. All the great religions, the great cultures, the great races have met before its walls and striven to possess it. Is there any story in human history like the story of Jerusalem?" **F. H. Revell Company, New York; $1.00 net.**

Stories and Story-Telling. By Edward Porter St. John. The author is Professor of Pedagogy in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy. The book is a valuable one for those having to do with moral and religious education of the young. There are articles as follows: The Education Value of the Story, What a Story Really Is, The Use of the Idealistic Story, Realistic Stories and How to Use Them, Some Vital Characteristics of Good Stories, Some Tricks of the Story Teller's Trade, Learning to Tell a Story, The Story-Interests of Childhood, The Story-Interests of Early Adolescence, The Story-Interests of Later Adolescence, How to Use Stories, The Sources of the Stories' Power, Where to Find Stories. **Pilgrim Press, Boston, 75 cents.**

The Mayflower Pilgrims. By Edmund James Carpenter. A timely book as we near the 300th anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrims to the New England shores. Beginning with the Separatist movement in England the book sketches the flight to Holland, the life in that country, the voyage of the Mayflower and then the life on our shores. A concluding chapter pictures The Plymouth of today. There are 25 fine illustrations. All in all an interesting and attractive book. **The Abingdon Press, New York; $1.50 net.**

Pilgrims of Hawaii. By Rev. and Mrs. O. H. Gulick. This book gives the story of the pilgrimage of the first missionaries from New England to the Hawaiian Islands and their work there in early days. There are chapters of later history and present day life and conditions. Dr. Barton, of the American Board, says that "the story of the beginning and development of the missionary enterprise in the Hawaiian Islands must take its place among the most romantic and even startling records in modern history." Dr. and Mrs. Gulick had part in the transformations wrought there—being children of early missionary families. The book abounds with quotations from the letters and journals of the missionaries—thus enabling the reader to get into the atmosphere of life as it was in those early days. In a foreword it is stated: "The year 1920 will be not only the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims of New England at Plymouth, Massachusetts, but likewise the one hundredth anniversary of the landing of the sons and daughters of these New England Pilgrims, become Pilgrims themselves, on the shores of Hawaii." The book is nicely illustrated. **Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.**

THE SONG OF THE MANY.

We broke the yoke of the Aryan Kings,
And we burst our bonds in Cathay;
We waged good war on the mid-sea shore,
And the towers of Tyre prevailed no more;
Babylon's walls to the ground we threw,
And the millions of Timur, the Tartar, we slew;
Istar and Isis we hurled to doom,
And we shrouded foul Nineveh's halls in gloom;
Rome broke her pact and we crumbled her fanes,
Forum and Parthenon rust in the rains;
Attilla's curs to their kennels we drove,
And the skull of the ravaging Vandal we clove;
Down through the ages, from Egypt to Spain—
Pharaoh, the Slaver, and Louis the Vain,
Lust-mad Belshazzar, and Caesar, who dared.
None who laid hands on our birthright we spared.
Man-god and beast-god and image of stone,
Idol of metal, of hot flesh and bone,
Menacing altar and menacing creed,
Hark to our purpose, and, harking, take heed;
None shall be proud with the pride of the wrong;
No head shall lift with a crown in the throng;
None shall be lordly and thrive in his boast,
No King shall be, save the King Uttermost.
Brothers eternal and well is our might,
Ours is the justice and strong is our right,
Wrought in the fire of souls is our steel,
Tempered in bloodshed and bled for the Weal;
They who make shackles make labor in vain;
We are Many and wear not the Chain.

—Herbert Kaufman.

War conditions in Germany have produced a new kind of baby which German doctors call "war infants.' The war infants are not actually ill, but small, backward in growth, delicate and thin, with wrinkled skins, suggesting rather old age than infancy. They are undeveloped at the time of birth and fail to recover a normal appearance. They are further described as being affected with constant restlessness, accompanied by automatic grasping movements. This condition is attributed to the anxiety and nervous strain of their mothers and to insufficient nourishment.

BIBLE WORK ON THE "PACIFIC LIMITED."
By Wesley Mell, Secretary of the American Bible Society.

On a recent trip to New York, after the night's ride from San Francisco, I met in the tourist car two young Chinamen. They were dressed in modern American style, and I was interested in seeing on of them reading an English history printed in the English language.

Falling into conversation with this young student, I asked him if he had ever read the Bible. He said, 'No." At once he seemed interested, and when I said, "Would you like to read one?" he quickly replied, "Yes, I would." He then told me that he had been educated in a government school at Canton, and on his way to America had joined the Y. M. C. A. at Shanghai, but that he had never read a verse in the Bible—indeed, he had never seen one!

Although he was educated in the Cantonese dialect he read English perfectly, so I gave him a Gospel in English and Cantonese. He read this for an hour, then asked—"Is this book all of the Bible?" I answered, "No." He said, "I would like to have it all." So I gave him an entire Bible. For several hours he read with glowing interest the story of Jesus Christ, both out of the Old Testament and from the Gospels, the Sermon on the Mount, the miracles and parables, the story of the crucifixion and resurrection. "It is all so new," he said, "and such a wonderful story. We have nothing in our classics to be compared with it."

We then read the Lord's Prayer and the prayer of the Pharisee and that of the Publican. The young Chinese student had become more and more deeply interested and personally concerned, and after reading the prayer of the Publican he turned to me with deep emotion and said: "I, too, would like to make the prayer of the Publican." We bowed our heads, while from his heart he uttered the Publican's prayer, and then, looking up with tearful eyes, he said with a glad smile: "I, too, can believe on Christ." "As your Lord and Savior?" I said. "Yes," said he, "as my Lord and Savior."

Our train was passing through the Nevada desert, but to us the sand seemed turned to gold dust and God's glory was in all the sky.

We then turned and read the story of Saul's conversion—and oh, how deeply interested he was in this, as it brought back to mind the story of the Boxer rebellion and the persecution of the Christians!

I then found out that this young Chinaman, with his comrade, had been sent over from China by a syndicate of miners to study modern methods of mining copper, and that they were on their way to Butte to a school of mines.

I gave to the young Chinaman letters of introduction to some Christian leaders in Butte, and to his unbounded joy I gave him the Bible which he had been reading. On parting, he said: "Instead of going direct to Butte from Seattle, I wanted to come by San Francisco and take the southern route, to see the country; but now I know that this change in route was that I might read the Bible and find Jesus Christ."

SMALL ATTENDANCE AT THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES.

Reports from various theological seminaries in the east indicate a student enrollment less than half the normal size. While colleges are helped by the student army training corps, the seminaries have no such device for maintaining or multiplying their student body. It is a condition of affairs that affects not only the individual institutions but the welfare of the churches which look to them for a supply of leaders. Catholic and Protestant institutions are faring about the same. Among Catholics the religious orders are showing a slightly larger proportion. Some seminaries, notably of the Disciples and Methodists, say their numbers are rather larger than they had expected, although they are not sure of keeping all who enter.

Under the government ruling only senior classes in seminaries this year are exempt from the draft. All others may be taken, even if they enter the seminaries at this time. Seminary deans say they have not filled their halls with men exempt because physically unfit for army or navy, nor have they lowered their standards in any way. They say their respective bodies have done nothing to discourage men from enlisting in order to enter seminaries.

Large numbers of foreign-born men have entered Union Seminary, New York, Chicago University Divinity School and perhaps a few others. They have been in colleges here, and are not subject to draft calls. Even Iceland contributes a student to the New York seminary, and others come from Armenia, India, China, Norway, Spain, Chili, Brazil and Korea. So the estimate of a third or half of the usual number does not mean American men, available for American pulpits.

Seminaries are reporting that before they opened for the year the calls for their men far exceeded the numbers to be graduated next spring, even if the draft takes no men away. They say that never before did America see so many churches without ministers or any show for securing ministerial supplies.

The November elections make certain the ratification of the prohibition national amendment. Prepare to sing the doxology, and with more fervor and volume than ever before!

Japan has agreed to remit the boxer indemnity against China, but the conditions have not been made known. However, it is believed Japan will follow America's example by stipulating that the money be utilized to found an educational institution similar to Tsing-hua College. This belief is supported by the recent visit of Japanese educationalists to Tsing-hua College.

TIRED OF KINGS.

Who is tired of kings? We believe that God is tired of kings. We know today that several nations are tired of kings who were not tired of them four years ago. We believe that more will be tired of them in a few years.

The late King Edward of England made a remark a few years ago which partakes of the nature of prophecy. His words were: "My son will rule as king and probably his son, but he may be the last king of this country."

We hope it will turn out that way. The King of England is a figure head. Such a ruler cannot do any harm, and doubtless the majority of the people in the United Kingdom have regard for the present figure head, but a hereditary ruler of any kind is an anomaly in the twentieth century.

THANKSGIVING.

By Wm. C. Allen.

I will extol thee, O God, my King,
And I will bless thy name forever and ever;
Every day will I bless thee,
And I will praise thy name forever and ever.
145th Psalm.

The writer of that beautiful Psalm was very happy when he bore witness to the loving kindness of Jehovah. We trace his joy in every line. Are not our hearts made glad when we indulge in thanksgiving? May not this happiness become a very real experience in our own lives?

There are days when it seems impossble to cultivate this spirit. Distress, suffering, loss eat into our very souls. Ingratitude, or breach of faith on the part of those from whom we had hoped better things, possibly, bring a tinge of bitterness and discouragement. Our own mistakes may produce anxiety in once quiet minds, yet after all is added up and the balance struck we find that there is reason for glorifying God. Is His generosity not beyond our deserts? Can we measure it?

Although human nature may sometimes seem all awry, and our own souls not attuned to God's sweet music as they might, although the world becomes exhausted with sin and drinks its cup of sorrow to the dregs, let us be thankful that there is good everywhere, and that so many men and women the world over desire to flee to God for daily help. The purple hills and sapphire mountains are symbolic of the lofty shelter enjoyed by those who look beyond the narrow circumstances of their lives to their high refuge, Jesus Christ. Surely the note of thanksgiving should become magnificently triumphant when a Savior is our theme!

It is good to make and maintain the resolution that not once a year but every day we will offer the simple sacrifice of praise. This uplift of spirit never fails to steady us. The finest spiritual and material dividends are returned to those who habitually invest in emotions of gratitude. The thankful heart is the optimistic heart. With sheer delight we can accept the language of John Oxenham:

For all thy ministries,
For morning mist, and gently-falling dew;
For summer rains, for winter ice and snow;
For the whispering wind and purifying storm;
For the reft clouds that show the tender blue;
For the forked flash and long tumultuous roll;
For mighty rains that wash the dim earth clean;
For the sweet promise of the seven-fold bow;
For the soft sunshine, and the still calm night;
For dimpled laughter of soft summer seas;
For latticed splendor of the sea-borne moon;
For gleaming sands, and granite frontled cliffs;
For flying spume, and waves that whip the skies;
For rushing gale, and for the great glad calm;
For Might so mighty, and for love so true,
With equal mind,
We thank Thee, Lord!

San Jose, Cal.

BOOZE AND VICTORY.

An Article Worthy of Special Commendation.

We quote an article by Fay King in the San Francisco Examiner:

"The staff of a newspaper is a lot like the cast of a theatrical company. We have our leading ladies," who write the high-class stuff; we have the "leading men" who hammer out editorials, our "character men" who handle local color and runs," And then there are the "heavies," who deal out politics and market pages. And besides these we have all the other "actors" who are cast for parts each day that go to fill up the rows of columns that make up a newspaper.

My particular part in "The Examiner" "company" is a sort of "soubrette." I am supposed to kick up my heels and sing something funny between the action of the more serious plot we happen to be doing. I'm like the little girl in the melodrama that sheds the gingham apron and has a pink silk dress on underneath and does a soft shoe dance between the choruses of her comic twitter.

But most of the time I've got on the gingham apron and feel very serious except when I get my cue to do my stunt.

But today I am going to shed my gingham apron and "soubrette" style, which I hope sometimes affords you entertainment and smiles, for I am more sad than merry today.

Sad—because I have seen drunken men and women waving Our Flag and singing "The Star-Spangle Banner" in thick-tongued voices.

Sad—because I have seen men mount tables and toast brazen, painted street girls in the Name Of Peace that has come after 7,600,000 souls have gone west.

Sad—because last night I saw a soldier take The Flag from the hands of a girl who staggered from too much liquor.

Sad—because the joy that should be worthy of

the great blessing that has just come to pass is being degraded.

Please don't think I'm a kill-joy.

The automobiles filled with singing sailors; the joyous gatherings of friends and relatives, the horns, the whistles; all this is good. But through it all should be a certain dignity, a certain reverence, for though this is peace it has come at a great price and much must yet come to pass before calm can come.

A mother's prayer, a sister's tears of thankfulness, are greater tributes than the hoarse-voiced slacker who takes this opportunity to wave Our Flag with one hand and a glass of whisky with the other and tries to sing the "Marseillaise."

True, Peace is here, but also there yet remains much sorrow in the hearts of many, and our joy and celebration should be the sort that is a tribute to those who made this Peace possible and not an excuse for hoodlumism and drunkenness.

Forgive me if I have laid aside my cap and bells and ceased to be a clown just for to-day.

I know of one merchant who bought a Peace-Thanksgiving dinner for every employee in his furniture store. That's my idea of celebrating.

WHY WERE NOT THE SALOONS CLOSED?

When the epidemic threatened Oakland, seeing the disease spreading, many dying, the authorities at once closed the most inoffensive, the cleanest and healthiest places of assemblage, the churches and Sunday Schools, which are open for the most part but a few hours a week—places of prayer, faith, courage and optimism. But in their wisdom they left 320 bars open nineteen hours a day, seven days a week.

The churches should be closed, indeed, but so also should the disease-breeding, germ-distributing booze joints. Saloons are not notorious for cleanliness, and the medical fraternity are nearly a unit in barring liquor especially in this epidemic.

The average citizen has a right to ask the authorities why, in the interests of fair play and decency and good health, they should discriminate in favor of the saloon? What particular community service does it render that it should be accorded such special privilege? Is the saloon in Oakland such a power in politics that it is to be feared more than Flu?

Somebody has given us a new definition of an optimist—an individual who invests in brewery stock. The handwriting on the wall is plain—the saloon is an economic outlaw and is doomed, not only on moral grounds but for business reasons. If any public official today is "wet" he is a safe man to turn down because he will work against the best interests of the community he serves. Read what the Chambers of Commerce in Seattle, Atlanta, Denver and Los Angeles publish as to the reduction in taxes, increased savings deposits and business prosperity that came to their respective cities when the saloons went out. C. L. K.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. E. D. Weage goes from Tulare to the pastorate at Cloverdale.

Park Church, Berkeley, has called the Rev. Norman Pendleton of Guerneville.

The Rev. J. C. Bolster has resigned at Antioch and has gone to Cleveland, Ohio.

The Rev. C. H. Jackson has gone from the work at Tipton to that at Pittsburg.

The church at San Rafael has the Rev. R. G. Harbutt as supply for a few weeks.

The Rev. W. J. Speers wil supply at Ceres for a while in connection with his work at Salida.

One Congregational Association in Northern California has only two pastors who were in charge of churches within its bounds last June.

The Rev. A. B. Patten has gone to Torrington, Connecticut, as acting pastor. He was called to the pastorate of Calexico, California and Everett, Washington, but preferred the Torrington engagement.

The Rev. C. S. Osgood a former Pacific Coast pastor, now pastor at Mitchell, South Dakota, has six months' leave of absence for army Y. M. C. A. work. His work is with the student soldiers at Western Reserve University at Cleveland, Ohio.

The next number of The Pacific will be published on the 12th of December. Please send church news as early as possible. All copy has to be in the hands of the printer Tuesday afternoon, December 10; and only brief items can be used if they are not received by Monday morning, December 9.

At the October communion service of First Church, Pasadena, six persons were welcomed into fellowship, one coming on confession of faith. Dr. Fox's first Sunday evening address after vacation was on the topic, "With Our Soldier Boys in the camps of the Northwest." The topic indicates how he spent his vacation.

The Congregational and Methodist South Churches at Santa Rosa have federated. The first servce on the federated plan was held last Sunday. The Rev. E. J. Singer, who has been in charge for several weeks will remain until a pastor is secured. The first pastor of the Federated Church is to be a Congregationalist.

The Rev. Dr. Edwin Sidney Williams, a long-time resident of California, well known and greatly loved all over the state, passed into the other life Monday of this week. In the next number of The Pacific we will have an article setting forth Dr. Williams's life work—his having been a life of wide service. He was aptly called "Sunshine Williams" and will be lovingly remembered wherever he was known.

The Rev. Dr. Byron H. Stauffer has resigned as pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco and has accepted a call from the Central Congregational Church of Winnipeg. He will close his work in San Francisco the middle of December. The Rev. Dr. Silcox has been secured as supply until another pastor comes to enter on the work. Dr. Stauffer has done a creditable work in San Francisco and will return to Canada with the regard and well-wishes of the First Church people. Religious work in Canada—especially in such cities as Toronto where he labored ten years, and Winnipeg, to which city he is to go now—appeals to him as it does not in San Francisco.

TWO LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

The following is an excerpt from a letter from one of the workers in the United States Army Ambulance Service in France, bearing date of September 23.

"Your publication is a continual source of inspiration and comfort, for over here the conditions are such that one does a greater amount of thinking than one previously has done, and I have found in The Pacific, just the suggestions for the most inspirational and comforting thoughts. Allow me to express in this small measure my thankfulness for what the publication means to me, and to wish The Pacific, its editors, and the cause for which it stands, the greatest success."

Mr. Frederick J. Adams, the writer of the foregoing first ordered The Pacific sent to him at a training station in Pennsylvania, stating that he had had the privilege of reading it before going there and that no longer havng such opportunity he felt that he must have it direct.

The other letter from abroad was from China or from an American Board missionary in China, from the Rev. Watts O. Pye, written just as he was about to leave Seattle on his return voyage after furlough in the home land. Addressing his letter to the Editor, Mr. Pye said in part: "Doubtless I am a stranger to you for I have not been in the West before except as we pass through on our way to China. The past two months I have had the great privilege of reaching some of the large centers and among the best things the experience has brought me, I count the acquaintanceship with The Pacific, which seems to me to be a most valuable and helpful paper. I want to see it regularly."

CONGREGATIONAL PASTOR AT SAN JOSE HAS GONE TO FRANCE.

Rev. E. A King, pastor of the First Congregational Church, San Jose, Calif., has been granted a year's leave of absence for over-seas work in France. He left San Jose November 12th for New York City, stopping over in Boston, Brockton and Attleboro to visit relatives. After a brief training at Columbia University he planes to sail for France and engage in Y. M. C. A. work.

Mr. King has been doing a good deal of lecturing among the camps and forts around San Francisco, including Monterey and Camp Fremont. His subject has been "The Secret of Self Mastery," along the general lines of social hygiene.

In connection with this work nearly 5,000 copies of his book "Clean and Strong" have been distributed to soldiers and sailors both in America and France. Besides these lectures Mr. King has given stereopticon lectures on religious, travel and patriotic subjects and will take both his slides and stereopticon to France.

Mr. King's family will remain in San Jose, and the church will continue its work by engaging supplies and through existing organizations. Mr. King expects to keep up his relations to "The Expositor" as editor of the Methods Department. Mr. King is well fitted for Y. M. C. A. work, because he was a Y. M. C. A secretary before he entered the ministry, having graduated from the International Y. M. C. A. College, Springfield, Mass., in 1894.

LOS ANGELES NOTES.

By James D. Eaton.

The closing of the churches for the past five weeks, on account of the epidemic of influenza, has occasioned a heavy loss, both materially and spiritually, as it came so soon after the opening of the fall campaign, and brought to a sudden stop the momentum gained through "rally days" and the like. The wide-reaching plans for interdenominational training of leaders for mission study classes just at this time, had to be abandoned. The offerings for sustaining the work of our national societies had already fallen behind apportionments, because of the urgent need in so many other directions resulting from the war; and now benevolences seem to be almost hopelessly in arrears. Only through heroic giving by many who thought they had already done their fair share, can there be averted a shortage in receipts which will mean either ruinous retrenchment in the working forces in the several fields, or the contracting of burdensome debts.

Some ministers have made more calls than usual upon people in their homes; others have reached the larger part of their wonted hearers through printed messages; and an effort has been made to persuade some who had abandoned family worship to set up again "the altar in the house." The Sunday newspapers have given generous space to brief sermons and model prayers for the help of the multitudes who could not enter a place of public worship even if they would.

The Christian Scientists, affirming that the influenza is a delusion from "the enemy," decided to open one of their churches on the 3rd of November and try to hold a service, to test the constitutionality of the order to close. Police were early on the ground to make a few arrests. Appeal was made to the local courts; and when the decision was

against them, they carried the case to the supreme court of the State; but here again the action of the municipal authorities was upheld.

In a different spirit, the heads of the Church Federation and of the Union Ministers' meeting issued an address counseling respect for the closing order, naming November 6th as a day of private prayer for the divine blessing upon the use of providential means for combatting the disease, and suggesting that all make special endeavor to draw near to God, when some of the ordinary means of grace were not available.

In this connection, it is interesting to read the 38th chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus, as given in the modern reader's Bible. Note especially the following sentences: "Honor a physician according to thy need of him with the honors due unto him; for verily the Lord hath created him. For from the Most High cometh healing; and from the king he shall receive a gift. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head; and in the sight of great men he shall be admired. The Lord created medicines out of the earth; and a prudent man will have no disgust at them.

And he gave men skill, that they might be glorified in his marvellous works. With them doth he heal a man, and taketh away his pain. . . . My son, in thy sickness be not negligent; but pray unto the Lord, and he shall heal thee. Put away wrong doing, and order thine hands aright, and cleanse thy heart from all manner of sin. . . . Then give place to the physician, for verily the Lord hath created him; and let him not go fro mthee, for thou hast need of him. There is a time when intheir very hands is the issue for good. For they also shall beseech the Lord, that he may prosper them in giving relief and in healing for the maintenance of life."

Rev. James M. Campbell, D.D., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Manhattan Beach Church, whose pulpit he had been supplying for six months. He will reside in Manhattan, but will spend a part of the time in Claremont. Our church there has taken the Manhattan church under its wing. For ten years a faithful group has held the fort, keeping up the Sunday school and prayer meeting; and having only a Sunday afternoon service. Dr. Campbell will be their first regular pastor. Under his ministrations the attendance at the regular services has largely increased, and the outlook is encouraging. It is worthy of note that one who was ordained more than half a century ago has had the courage to "come back." As he himself says, "this is the day of the old man's opportunity."

It has been necessary to postpone for the second time the annual meeting of the Los Angeles Association, on account of the closing order; the time now indicated being November 25 and 26. It will be held in the Church of the Messiah; and the program is of rich promise, beginning with the sermon by Dr. Edwin P. Ryland, on Monday morning, and ending on Tuesday afternoon with an address by President Blaisdell, recently returned from the Sunrise Kingdom, on "Three Epochs in Missionary work in Japan."

Dr. Carl S. Patton of the First Church landed in New York last week and, after two weeks of speaking for the Y. M. C. A. expects to reach this coast in time for Thansgiving. His parishioners and friends here are eagerly anticipating the vivid accounts he will have to give of experiences on the battle front.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, RIVERSIDE.

After being closed for four Sundays, on account of the epidemic, our church and Bible School opened last Sunday. The pastor, Rev. Geo. Lawton, spoke in the morning; subject, "Five Minutes after Death, What Happens?" In the evening Mrs. Janet Wallace Emrick, just back from France, gave a very interesting talk on the United War Work.

Preceding the evening services, Mr. Lawton hac a short dedicatory service, dedicating the flag, which has 52 stars, being the number of men in the service from our church and Bible School.

Our pastor is just beginning to get acquainted with the church people. Our people are very happy to have a settled minister, after being so long without a regular pastor. The services are being well attended. Mr. Lawton's sermons consist of a happy combination of the intellectual, together with the spiritual, in which inspiration and uplift prevail.

He is an aggressive young man, with an open mind for truth, and as several have said, grows with acquaintance.

Mr. Lawton has been very deeply interested in War Work. During the last Liberty Loan Drive, he received a prize of fifty dollars for the best manuscript speech. The contestants were from Southern California, 180 in all. Riverside and community are very happy to have Mr. Lawton as pastor and citizen.

MARICOPA.

Sunday, October 20, was a great day with this only Protestant church in the community, save a small Christian Science fellowship. Under the wise and persistent efforts of Pastor McCrae the new edifice, beautiful and commodious, had been brought to completion, and dedicatory services were held. Dr. Kenngott, Brother Fuller of Bakersfield, neighboring clergymen and others were present and, despite the influenza scare, three services were held—morning, afternoon and evening. Dr. Kenngott preached the morning sermon, other brethren brought greetings; and in the evening the much needed $1500 was subscribed. Both pastor and people were happy. Greatly encouraged, all are meaning to push forward to larger realizations in fellowship and services.

THE GERMAN CHURCH AT LODI.

The German Ebenezer Congregational Church at Lodi, California, a little Home Missionary church of 38 members, dedicated their new house of worship on Sunday, October 13, 1918.

The Ebenezer Church was organized in 1909, and in 1910 built a little chapel three and a half miles east of Lodi near a little flag station on a branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad, called Victor, which seemed at that time to be the proper location for it. Since then some of the members have moved into Lodi, and other people who were members of our German Congregational churches in North and South Dakota and Washington have come to Lodi to make their home there; so it be-

came necessary for the sake of the life and growth of the church to sell the old property in the country and erect a new building in Lodi; and the people with their pastor did nobly and have carried out the work very successfully; they deserve congratulations.

The older people of this church were all born in Russia and were citizens of that country when they arrived in America, but all of them without exception, as far as I know, have become United States citizens, and a large per cent of their young men are today serving in the United States army and navy, and are doing their part for Democracy, largely on account of which they came to this country.

This church has been served almost from the time of its organization until April 1, 1918, in conection with the Salem church at Sanger, California, 150 miles distant, which became self-supporting on that date. From July 1, 1918, Rev. J. C. Schwabenland, who had been serving a little Home Missionary church at Dinuba, took up the work at Lodi, and is its present pastor.

The morning service, dedication day, began at 10 o'clock with a short service on the outside at the entrance of the church. A hymn was sung by the congregation, and Rev. Mr. Schwabenland pastor of the church, read Psalm 24, delivered a short address and offered a prayer of thanks. The doors were then unlocked by the contractor and the keys given to the pastor, and the people entered in. Having served the church for nearly six years, in conection with my present church at Sanger, and having had charge at the time the decision was reached to move into town and build a new church, and also until the building was partly completed, I was invited to preach the dedication sermon and offer the dedication prayer. My text was Isaiah 60:11. It was a great pleasure to me to again look into the faces of the people with whom I had worked so long and to see how successfully they had carried out the work under the leadership of their present pastor, in which I had the pleasure of helping them start.

The afternoon service opened at 2:30, and was conducted in the English language, except the scripture lesson and the hymns. An invitation had been given to all the friends in the English speaking churches, but not many came. The speakers were Rev. L. D. Rathbone, D. D., of San Francisco; Rev. Lars A. Sahlstrom, of Lockford, and Rev. William A. Schwimley, of the First Chuch, Lodi. The choir of the First Church, Lodi, and a duet of the Lockford Church took part in the service and pleased the audience very highly with their splendid singing.

This meeting was repeatedly called a fellowship meeting, and the desire expressed that many more such meetings might follow. There seemed to be a feeling on the part of some that such fellowship meetings had been too much neglected in the past.

The evening meeting had the largest attendance of all, the little building being crowded to the doors. The speakers of the evening were Rev. Mr. Saszman, of the German Evangelical Church at Victor, and Rev. Mr. Schunk, of the German Baptist Church at Lodi, both strong speakers. The choir of the Baptist Church assisted in furnishing special singing for the occasion.

The ladies of the church had prepared for all that attended the dedication, and so they had what Rev. Mr. Schwimley called a regular love feast both at noon and in the evening at a partly finished house of one of the members. There was more than plenty of good things to eat, and all were served entirely free out of love on the part of those who had prepared it, so the name love feast was quite appropriate.

The choir of the church, under the leadership of the pastor, sang at both the morning and evening

services, and all who heard them made remarks about how splendidly they sang.

The new church is a very neat looking building which ordinarily seats about 200 people, but at the evening service of the dedication it contained 301 people by actual count, and has been built at a cost of $3,000.00. There were no subscriptions taken at the dedication, and the collections of all the meetings amounted to $286.50. This with the money the church had raised beforehand and a grant of $800.00 from the Church Building Society, pays all bills and leaves a balance of about $150.00, which can be well put to use, as it always the case when a new church is built.

Everyone that attended was highly pleased with what they saw, heard and tasted, and went away with a feeling that they had been richly blessed. From all appearances the church now has a prosperous future ahead. May the Lord bless them in their work!

J. G. ECKHARDT.

SOME VALUABLE LEAFLETS.

The Missionary Education Department announces what is called "Congregational Home Supplement" as follows:

An envelope containing the following nineteen leaflets published by our Home Boards, and focusing the txet book studies upon our denominational task, may be ordered from Mrs. F. W. Wilcox of 287 Fourth Ave., New York City, or from the publication department of any of the homeland societies. Enclose 15 cents with the order.

The Tercentenary Program of Social Service for the Churches.
The Church and Industrial Peace.
Overlooked—the Men of the Big Woods.
The Belated Races and the Social Problems.
In the Lumber Camp of Minnesota.
Salients in a Rural Front.
The Challenge of the Coeur d'Alenes.
The Anthracite Miner and hs Environment.
On the Iron Ranges of Minnesota.
Farming in Fourteen States.
Schauffler School and Industrial Problems.
The Sunday School Extension Society in the Working World.
Industrial Exploitation in the Mountains.
Church Building for the World's Workers.
What Every Church Should Know about Its Community.
Industrial Platform of the Congregational Churches of America.
Community Study—Lowell.
A Social Program for Men's Organizations.

ANNUAL MEETING AT GUERNEVILLE.

Guerneville held its annual meeting Friday evening, October 11. It was a unique gathering. This church, becoming a community church under Mr. Isaacs, now of Mission, San Francisco, has continued on its happy and useful way under the leadership of its present pastor, Rev. N. W. Pendleton. Your correspondent was agreeably surprised with an annual meeting that was "different" from the usual run of annual meetings. Fancy his surprise at greetings from the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the Farm Bureau agent, the public schools and other institutions.

Mr. Pendleton is "a man with a message," and the people of the community have responded heartily to his leadership and that of Mrs. Pendleton.

Being there as the "group leader" for the E. M. C., it was pleasing to note the brief reports full of encouragement and success, the despatch of business, and the fine social atmosphere of the Guerneville church.

B. D. N.

REV. THOMAS W. WALTERS.

By Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D.D.

Our good friend of half a century, the Rev. Thomas W. Walters, passed away suddenly on the morning of October 28th at Colfax, Wash.

He was born 71 years ago, and reared to early manhood in Wales, a country which has probably produced as many ministers of the gospel, in proportion to its population, as any in the world. It has been the passion of the Welsh mother to have a son a minister. In the past the brightest boys of Wales aspired for the pulpit as the place of highest honor and usefulness.

Mr. Walters spent his early life in the rural districts on the borders of Breckon and Carmarthenshires, S. W., in the vicinity of the towns of Breckon, Llandovery and Llanwrtyd, a region more noted for ruggedness, picturesqueness, health resorts and good people than for fertility of soil and material resources. I doubt if there is any more genuine religion on the square foot in any part of the world.

My judgment has been formed by my own godly mother's character and representation, who was reared to early womanhood in the same region.

It is noted for the famous men which it has produced, and their influence on the Commonwealth. Llandovery was the home of Vicar Rees Pritchard, the author of the "Candle of Cambria," religious homilies in rhyme, pronounced by authorities as the best religious book in the Welsh language published in the seventeenth century. It had a wide circulation for two centuries.

In the same locality was the Pant-y-celyn, (lowland of the hollywood) farm, the home of the "Watts of Wales," Rev. W. Williams the author of "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah," and other famous hymns.

In the same vicinity within a mile of my mother's home, lived a genius of the early part of the nineteenth century, who was both famous and notorious as an editor, and a champion of the established church. He was admired by all because of his great ability, but almost despised by many because of his bitter abuse of non-conformity. Another noted character of that region, whose name is familiar to me from childhood was Rev. J. Kils-

by Jones, one of the few university men in Wales at that time, an eccentric and courageous Congregational minister, an able preacher, popular lecturer and scholarly author. Those men were national characters.

Mr. Walter's early life and environment, as with all of us, had much to do in forming his character. It was the simple and wholesome life of the Wagner's sort; a life of industry, frugality, economy, fidelity to duty and devotion to God. They indicate his characteristics as revealed all through his life to the very end. He was called away without warning or sighing from a life of activity to eternity. I have know him for a half century, as a young man struggling for an education, working his way by selling books, lecturing and exhibiting stereoptical views, and working here and there as he had an opportunity.

He had the adventurous and ambitious spirit. He was determined in early life to rise above his environments. So he left his rural home, while but a youth, for the industrial part of Glomorganshire, and worked in the coal mines. With his own hard-earned money he paid his way to this country and settled at Scranton.

The same adventurous spirit led him across the continent from Pennsylvania to Oregon.

He possessed the executive instinct and would have made a clever and successful business man. He was a man of good judgment in worldly affairs, enterprising and yet conservative. As a general missionary and a pastor he had an opportunity to display his executive ability.

He had the capacity to overcome difficulties to surmount obstacles to conquer despite adverse circumstances. Very few fought the good fight better than he did, and he kept the faith, he finished his course, and there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness.

He had the capacity that enabled him to adapt himself to new environments, to adjust himself to conditions. I knew him as he started on his ministry under trying circumstances; as he was initiated into home missionary work in northern Maine, and doing his first preaching in the English language. I knew him also as a frontier missionary.

His energy, industry and practicability were marvelous. That was demonstrated in his work as general worker in the Inland Empire of the Columbia River. Few, if any field workers have labored for a longer period than he in this region—for 15 years—and have endured more hardships, covered more miles on bicycle, horseback and carriage, and sacrificed more and done more efficient service than he. His works do follow him.

His urbanity fitted him for the work in an eminent degree. He was sociable, affable, tactful, friendly, and thoroughly practical. He knew almost every one a few years ago, in every village, town and city in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. He was always approachable, pleasant, optimistic, and had time to give to every one that wanted him, while always about his Father's business. His genuine devoutness and consecration were evident. They were not of the demonstrative kind, but revealed themselves in kindly spirit, sympathetic impulses and disposition to serve. His creed was that of Amos, on which he preached one of his best sermons: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love, mercy, and to walk humbly before thy God."

It was his privilege to lay foundations on which others have built, and we have entered into his labors. He has the distinction of being the successor of the famous missionary of the last century the Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells, as the pastor of the Colfax church, and the congregational bishop of the "Inland Empire," and was at his death the oldest in service of the Congregational ministers of this region. The Congregational churches organized primarily through his instrumentality are about two score. He had much to do in selecting locations for the early church buildings, and in financing and dedicating, as well as developing them. They stand today as monuments to his consecration, exerting their influence for good in all directions. I am profoundly grateful for the part I had in association with him in frontiermissionary work, and especially for the times of refreshing which we have enjoyed together.

His ministerial career was remarkable for its efficiency. He was encouraged and called to preach according to the Welsh custom, by the Welsh Congregational Church of Parsons, northeastern Pennsylvania. The young Welshman did not think that he was called to preach the gospel, until a church had invited him and tested his ability to preach. It was while he was pursuing his studies at the Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pa., where he studied for several years, that he began to preach. He always recognized the Rev. T. Cynonfared Edwards, D.D., for forty years pastor of the Welsh Congregational church of Edwardsville, Pa., as his most helpful friend in the early years of his student life. He studied theology at Bangor Theological Seminary, and at Oberlin Seminary, graduating at the latter in 1878.

He was ordained the same year at Crary's Mills, N. Y. Soon following his ordination he was united in marriage to Miss Miriam Davies of Parsons, Pa., and they were blessed with five children, three girls and two boys, two dying in infancy, the other a promising girl of fourteen dying about ten years ago, and followed in about a year by the mother. He was married the second time to Miss Gertrude Belden, of Spokane, Wash., who proved a devoted wife to the end.

After four years of successful ministry at Crary's Mills, he came to Astoria, Oregon. His one year of ministry at Astoria, was instrumental in reorganizing the church, and building up the Sunday School. Finding the wet season of Astoria, not conducive of good health, he was promoted to move to the interior and became pastor of the Colfax Church in the spring of 1883. His ministry of four years at Colfax, was in every respect fruitful

bringing it to self-support among the first in the state. In the spring of 1887, he was appointed general missionary for eastern Washington and northern Idaho, under the auspices of the national Home Missionary Society, of the Congregational churches. At that time there were about a dozen Congregational churches in the whole Inland Empire, where there are now about one hundred, and his influence is felt in the majority of them today. I probably meet more people, than any one else in the ministry, of those who inquire for him, and refer to him as their father in Israel, and for whom they have affectionate regard, and they will feel, like myself, that in his departure they have lost a true and tried friend. All who have been familiar with the years of his ministry know that they have been cramfull of activity, devotion and consecration to the Master and they were fruitful in the conversion of souls, in establishing christians in the faith, institutng and nourishing churches and in the extension of Christ's Kingdom on the earth.

The constant toil, care and responsibility, incident to field work, were more taxing than he realized and undermined his, not too vigorous constitution, and compelled him to retire from the active ministry at a comparatively early age, about thirteen years ago, though he has preached occasionally through the years.

His last pastorate was with Pilgrim Church, Spokane, 1902-4, which was worthy of his characteristic energy and wisdom, where a splendid church building was erected. He was also acting pastor of Plymouth Church, Spokane during its formative period.

As a man, citizen, christian and minister of the gospel, he was beloved and respected by all who knew him, and stood high in the estimate of the people of Colfax, where he had resided with the exeception of one year for thirty-five years. Considering the circumstances, a large number followed his remains to the cemetery, where the service was held because of the influenza prevailing. He was fortunate and very happy in his domestic relations, jovial and entertaining among friends; he was hopeful, optimistic and even in temper, enterprising and progressive in spirit, and trustful at all times.

As a preacher he was more practical than profound, more ethical than theological; his messages were always instructive, tender, helpful and eminently practical. He was a man of strong convictions and had the courage to express them, and the grit to live them; he stood firmly for moral reforms even in pioneer days. He was a character to be admired and imitated, a man that made the world better because he lived in it.

In the yard of a country church in the East on a recent Sunday forty automobiles were counted, and only two horses.

True importance is always simple.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

Surely San Francisco is a favored spot for those interested in foreign missions. Through the Golden Gate, returning and departing missionaries of Japan, China, India and even Africa have been passing these last two years of disturbed world travel. On the fourteenth of this month a group of unusual interest is to sail on the Santa Cruz for the Marathi Mission, India, and North China Mission. Rev. and Mrs. Edward Fairbank, Rev. and Mrs. Ernest E. Morrill and two children, Rev. and Mrs. Joseph L. Moulton, Miss Frances Woods and her mother, Miss E. Loleta Wood and Rev. Elmer Galt and family make up the group.

Rev. Edward Fairbank, a member of the third generation of Fairbanks, who have given devoted service to India's Christian enlightenment, is the brother of our Dr. Rose Beals, whose hospital work we help support in Wai, India. Rev. Elmer Galt's name has become familiar to us as a member of the Mission in China, where is located our hospital of Lintsing; and he is also recalled often to our minds by the two Chinese scrolls which he presented to us on his visit last year.

If the ban on public meetings had not been operative just at this time, the young people of our community would have been given a wonderful opportunity of incentives to missionary interest and understanding in meeting Miss Frances Woods, who is bound for India under the W. B. M. Miss Woods' father was pastor of the Congregational church at Hatfield for nearly thirty-five years, and for many years her mother, another member of the Fairbank family, was the president of the Hampshire Branch of the W. B. M. To a charming personality and natural musical talent, which expresses itself in a cultivated voice and execution upon the organ, Miss Woods has added that grace of spirit and enrichment of mind which association in a home like hers and the training of Mt. Holyoke can contribute.

Representatives of the American Board and the W. B. M. P. are planning to entertain these outbound messengers at luncheon, and to show them something of the cities about the bay by automobile trips. It is a mater of keen regret that safety for public health at this time precludes the inspiration and education that would come from large general gatherings.

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During the time of Miss Edith Parson's enforced absence from our school at Brousa, Turkey, she is giving valuable assistance to work at home. For three months last summer she acted as office secretary in Miss Benton's absence, and has spoken many times to various auxiliaries. The following account of her last itinerary, in Oregon and Washington, adds to our interest and familiarity with these two important Branches of our Board.

"The trip north to represent the W. B. M. P. at the Annual Meeting of the Washington Branch,

was an extremely pleasant and helpful one, at least to the Board's representative. The only subject for regret was the short time, especially for Oregon, and the influenza epidemic which shortened the available time still more.

The two days in Portland were pretty thoroughly utilized with a conference and lunch with the Branch leaders, an evening meeting at Sunnyside Church, and an afternoon meeting at the First Church, and an automobile drive out the wonderful Columbia Highway, which more than justifies the pride the people of Portland feel in it. My hostess, Mrs. Sullens, also took me over to Council Crest to see the beautiful view from there.

In Seattle I found the most charming of homes for headquarters with Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burwell, whose names are already linked to the W. B. M. P. by the recent sailing of their daughter Augusta to help Miss Denton at the Doshisha. How much Miss Denton and the W. B. M. P. are to be congratulated on this association I came daily to realize more thoroughly. I also spent a night with Mrs. Freiday in Tacoma, where I saw a remarkable missionary guest-book, and heard many tales of pioneer work in Burmah. Other Seattle ladies helped by a night's hospitality, by many automobile drives to my various appointments, and by every possible kindness to make my visit a happy one. Mrs. W. E. Sander arranged my schedule, and spared no pains to make it a success.

The Annual Meeting of the Branch and Union was held in Tacoma the first day of the State Conference, as one of its sessions, while the men had a meeting to discuss the Every-Member Canvass. It was a long, full program, and an extremely interesting one. The Secretary and Treasurer's reports gave a clear and encouraging picture of the year's work. I am sure that to all those present the subject, "What It Means to Be a Home Missionary's Wife" by two of those who know, made an impression that will not and should not easily be effaced, and that made comfort seem a good deal of a crime. Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith delightfully reported her trip to India and Ceylon so as to give us a vivid picture of the present conditions among our missions there. Another part of the program to be noted was the election of Mrs. L. O. Baird as President of the Washington Branch, the only regret being that this obliges her to leave the Young People's work she has so ably organized. Besides the Tacoma meeting I spoke at several of the Seattle churches and women's societies, at the church in Edmonds, and at the Y. W. C. A. of the University of Washington, a most fortunate arrangement as it was the first meeting of the year and the next week all meetings were cancelled on account of the influenza.

My journey to Eastern Washington was very interesting and delightful as a trip, the wonderful day going over the Cascades being one long to be remembered. I enjoyed seeing the city of Spokane, where Mrs. F. G. Crombie was my kind hostess and where I met some of our Congregational people, but unfortunately I was not able to give for value received. I arrived in Spokane Monday evening, and next morning at Cheney, where I spoke for the ladies of the Congregational church and had a pleasant visit; the wife of the pastor is a neice of Mrs. Wilcox of Oakland. The next day I was to have spoken at the State Normal School at Cheney, and at a union meeting of the Congregational Women's Societies in Spokane, but the closing order for influenza came out Tuesday evening, so my speaking terminated abruptly and I started for California early Thursday morning.

I feel that from the observations of even this hurried trip I can report a healthy missionary interest throughout the Northwest. It has meant much to me to meet and know our constituency there better; I hope it has been a help to them."

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Of Interest to Leaders of Mission Study Classes.

The handbooks of suggestions by Helen Barrett Montgomery on "How to Use" the textbook "Women Workers of the Orient" have at last arrived and are available at Headquarters at 10c each.

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Sunday Schools will find it necessary to make up for lost time when services are again resumed. Available for immediate use is the attractive graded missionary material prepared for all ages in the "Congregational Pilgrims" set at 35c. Programs for a splendid Christmas service, with a supplement containing the plans and parts for special numbers, are given free to any school applying, as many copies as desired, also decorated collection envelopes.

Let the children this year send their Christmas offerings to their little brothers and sisters in all the world, forgetting none.

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Mrs. Cyrus A. Clark of Myazaki, Japan, arrived in San Francisco on October 17th, for a needed rest. For over thirty years Mr. and Mrs Clark have labored under the American Board on the most southern island of Japan, where they have a field about as large as the state of New Jersey with only one associate in the work and one French Catholic priest.

Mr. Clark remained at his work on the field. He does much touring and is known and beloved all through the provinces. Through her home Mrs. Clark has helped hundreds of Japanese girls, and has developed from this a Christian boarding home for school girls.

The first news to greet Mrs. Clark on her arrival in America was the death of her eldest son, Dr. Admont Halsey Clark, who was associate professor of pathology in the Johns Hopkins University and resident pathologist of Johns Hopkins Hospital. His death resulted from pneumonia following influenza, with which he had done considerable experimental work this past summer at the request of Surgeon General Blue. He had also done some brilliant work in diabetes experimentation, and was held by his associates to be one of

the most promising of the younger pathologists of America.

Mrs. Clark is a sister of the late Dr. Luther Gulick and Sidney L. Gulick, whose decision to go to Japan rather than India at the beginning of his missionary career, was influenced by his sister's enthusiasm for her chosen field.

While at present visiting Mrs. Grace Fisher Richards at Saratoga, Mrs. Clark will eventually go to the east visiting her sister, Mrs. Jewett of Oberlin and her children in New England.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board for November has been postponed indefinitely.

ANNUAL MEETING OF WASHINGTON BRANCH, W. B. M. P. AND WASHINGTON WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The Washington Branch and the Washington Union met in annual session in First Church, Tacoma, October 1st.

The attendance was excellent, one very gratifying fact being the presence of a number of women from small and remote districts.

The annual reports, the Year's Work and the Year's Giving, were read by Mrs. W. J. Kennedy of Tacoma, and Miss Roberts and Mrs. J. H. Matthews of Seattle. All were encouraging and the Washington Union felt particularly happy over the announcement that they had gone $715.35 over the top in their contributions.

There were many interesting features of the program. Miss Janetta Knowleton of Bellevue told of her work among the Japanese under the A. M. A.. Miss Margaret Kydd of Seattle gave an inspiring account of the Seabeck Conference and Mrs. J. P. Wetse of Seattle set before her audience a clear call to the December Drive.

The afternoon devotional service was led by Mrs. Chas. McDennoth of Aberdeen, and was followed by a symposium by the wives of Home Missionaries. Mrs. J. W. Pendleton of Newport was not able to be present, but Mrs. E. A. Swain of Ahtanum and Mrs. Clayton Judy of Natchez each spoke on "What it means to me to be the wife of a Home Missionary." They moved us to tears and to laughter and left with us a new sympathy and a new interest.

After a solo by Mrs. Park of Tacoma, Miss MacLafferty, president of the Union, who had presided during the day, called to the chair Mrs. J. A. Freiday, honorary president of the Branch, who has so ably filled the interim since the resignation of Mrs. Robert Osgood. It was Mrs. Freiday's pleasure to introduce Miss Edith Parsons of Brousa, Turkey, and Mrs. Edward Lincoln Smith of New York, both of whose addresses touched a high mark of excellence and were deeply appreciated. The program closed with a brief but trenchant appeal from Mrs. C. K. Staude of Tacoma for the woman who today must meet the new industrial situation caused by the war.

There were a number of changes in the personnel of the State Board. Most fortunate is the Washington Branch in its new president, Mrs. L. O. Baird. Mrs. Baird brings to the office a wide experience with the Woman's Board of the Interior, much ability and a beautiful personality. Mrs. Walter Vose Gulick takes Mrs. Baird's place as secretary of Young People's Work. Here too we are more than blest, for we know that the work so well begun by Mrs. Baird will not suffer because of transference to other hands.

Deeply regretting the resignation of Mrs. J. H. Matthews as treasurer of the Union, we have Miss Estelle Roberts as joint treasurer of Branch and Union, a plan which we hope will work out successfully. With this exception the officers of the Union remain the same.

Facing the unusual, as does every organization, and every individual, just now, the Washington women face the new year undismayed and determined that there shall be no backward step taken, rather that our next annual meeting shall see real advance in all our departments.

H. A. MacL.

THE METHODS CORNER.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW TO DO THINGS.

By Rev. E. A. King, San Jose.

Making the Mid-Week Meeting Go.

At the Fort Washington Presbyterian Church, New York City, the pastor conducts a very interesting mid-week service. He calls the meeting "The Family Altar of our Church Household." The usual program is as follows:

1. Familiar Hymns,
2. Requests for prayer and reports of prayers answered.
3. Question Box.
4. Comments on Bible Topics.
5. Free Discussion.
6. Adjournment and Sociability.

One Way To Get Men.

A pastor recently announced an address for men and printed the following;

200 Men Wanted.

Single men, young men, short men, little men, lean men, cranky men, married men, old men, tall men, big men, fat men, smiley men.

The Hymn "America" Illustrated.

We wish to report here a very interesting and unusually satisfying experience with one particular illustrated hymn. We refer to our beloved "America." We sent to the Underwood and Underwood Company, New York City, and secured their hymn illustrated with seventeen lantern slides. The words of the hymn are printed in the picture at the bottom and show through in white.

The pictures are scenes from all over the country beautifully colored. When the congregation stands to sing this hymn in the presence of all the beautiful pictures of pastures, rivers, mountains,

liberty bell, Washington's home at Mt. Vernon, West Point, the statue of liberty, Mirror Lake, Yosemite, the Stars and Strips and other pictures equally thrilling, it produces a wonderfully electrifying effect.

Have a Community Sing.

One of the newest things on foot now is the Community Sing held in connection with the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. or in combination services with several denominations. There is such a "Sing" in San Jose which meets Sunday afternoons on top of the Y. W. C. A. building. One of the best leaders gives his time. The soldiers come and the young people and some others. They sing gospel hymns, patriotic hymns, and war songs. After an hour spent this way they go into the rooms and have refreshments and songs until six o'clock. Music brings people together and the singing of these hymns and songs helps to make for a right spirit. Any community can do such a thing as this. Why not start something of the kind in your town?

HELPS BY THE WAY.

"I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes Unto the Hills."

I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me!
The wind wars above them, surging up from the sea!
They have cowls of the mist, and rain for their garments gray.
The world is a dream, wherever the death bells toll;
There is nothing that lives they say, but God and the soul,
Nothing at all that matters but God and the soul.
O, I wish I could get the peace of the mountains into me,
And not have all the world a trouble to me!

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Many persons have their special days when they go up to the hilltop, out of their low valleys, and get a wider vision. It is well to have such days even occasionally, but it is better to live on the hills all the time. But there are some persons who stay always down amid the mists; they never get to the mountain top; and they never even see the sun. There is a story concerning a little dog which teaches a good lesson. One chilly autumn day he was seen to get up from the place where he was lying, in the dark corner of a room, and go and lie down in a patch of sunshine which he saw on the floor. There are always bright spots, even in the darkest experiences. We should seek to find them and live in them.

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Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do!

The longer he lives the more is any thoughtful observer compelled to notice how largely the effect of trouble upon one is determined in extent by one's mental attitude toward it. It is not the trouble or the burden that lays low the spirit, but one's personal reaction upon it. The spirit in which we receive it, and the point of view from which we regard it; make all the difference between its being supportable or the reverse. * * * To win our private battle is to be a good comrade to others in the fight. And this is one of the ways and means of victory—that we should deny ourselves the indulgence of giving way under ill-fortune, in order that we may stand humbly with our Lord as helpers of men.—Henry Kingman.

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"When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, 'Father, pardon,'
Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern Duty wakes to watch,
Then His hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth cause,
Then the Lord is in thy house.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy hearts' pole
Then Christ is thy very soul."

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We can never drift into any really worthy and permanent wealth. * * * Drifting may be the secret of easy living; it never discovers the entrance into a spacious life. * * * We can never drift into joy. The only people who are strangers to joy are the people who shirk every difficulty and never contend with a troublesome task.—J. H. Jowett.

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On the wings of aspiration man rises from earth to heaven from ignorance to knowledge, from the under darkness to the upper light. Without it he remains a grovelling animal, earthly, sensual, unenlightened, and uninspired. Aspiration is the longing for heavenly things, for righteousness, compassion, purity, love as distinguished from desire, which is the longing for earthly things, for selfish possessions, personal dominance, low pleasures, and sensual gratifications. As a bird deprived of its wings cannot soar, so a man without aspiration cannot rise above his surroundings and become master of his animal inclinations. * * * For one to begin to aspire means that he is dissatisfied with his low estate, and is aiming at a higher condition. * * * * The man of aspiration has entered the way which ends in peace, and surely he will reach that end if he stays not nor turns

back. * * * Aspiration can carry a man into heaven, but to remain there he must learn to conform his mind to the heavenly conditions. * * * When divine good is practised life is bliss. Bliss is the normal condition of the good man; and those outer assaults, harassments, and persecutions, which bring such sufferings to others only serve to heighten his happiness for they cause the deep fountain of good within him to well up in greater abundance.—James Allen in "From Passion to Peace."

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THE HINDERED CHRIST.

The Lord Christ wanted a tongue one day
To speak a message of cheer,
To a heart that was weary and worn and sad,
And weighed with a mighty fear.
He asked me for mine, but 'twas busy quite
With my own affairs from morn till night.

The Lord Christ wanted a hand one day
To do a loving deed;
He wanted two feet, on an errand for Him
To run with gladsome speed.
But I had need of my own that day;
To His gentle beseeching I answered "Nay!"

So all that day I used my tongue,
My hands, and my feet as I chose;
I said hasty, bitter words
That hurt one heart, God knows,
I busied my hands with worthless play,
And my wilful feet went a crooked way.

And the dear Lord Christ, was His work undone
For lack of a willing heart?
Only through men does He speak to men?
Dumb must He be apart?
I do not know, but I wish to-day
I had let the Lord Christ have His way.

—Alice J. Nicholls.

✣ ✣ ✣

Personal religion lifts a man out of the pettiness and isolation of his own little private efforts into the sense of participiation in an august moral enterprise. It lifts him into the sense of fellowship with an Infinite Being in His resistless advance toward a superb fulfillment.—Charles R. Brown.

✣ ✣ ✣

We may be sure we are not growing smaller when we begin to discharge humble services.

✣ ✣ ✣

Where a man puts on the robe of pride he immediately belittles his manhood.

✣ ✣ ✣

When a man puts on the robe of pride he imquest must be accomplished by the gift of ourselves to God.

✣ ✣ ✣

Self-righteousness is unrighteousness on dress parade; it is self-seeking in disguise.

THE HOME.

THINGS! THINGS! THINGS!

Things! Things! Things!
On the tables, on the floor,
Tucked away behind the door,
On the shelves and on the chairs,
Dangerously on the stairs,
Bureaus crammed and closets filled,
Boxes packed and boxes spilled,
Bundles everywhere you go,
Heaps and piles and overflow
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Things of value, worthless trash,
Things preserved or gone to smash,
Ancient things or things just bought,
Common things and things far-sought,
Things you mean to throw away,
Things you hope to use some day,
Cellar, attic, all between,
One exasperating scene
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Things that take our precious time,
Hold us from the life sublime,
Things that only gather dust,
Things that rot and things that rust,
Things that mould and things that freeze,
Things that harbor foul disease,
Things that mock us and defy
Till at last we grimly die
Of things, things, things!

Things! Things! Things!
Let me cease to be their fool!
Let me fly their crafty rule!
Let me with unsparing knife
Cut their canker from my life!
Broad and clear and all serene
Let me make my mansion clean,
Now and evermore to be
Calm, unfretted, grandly free
From things, things, things!

—Amos R. Wells.

RIGHT AND WRONG WAY TO WORRY.

We have all envied those women—and rare as they are, we all know them—who seem to have the faculty for doing an enormous amount and variety of work without ever having that hurried, worried air that is so common among women. Their homes are well-organized and smooth-running, but you never hear the clank of machinery there; they take part, and important part, in large affairs; they join in all manner of social doings; they somehow find time to read. And they always appear cool, undisturbed, and at leisure with themselves. How do they do it?

These are times when every woman ought to sit

down quietly by herself and take thought of the way in which she manages her ife. She ought to consider the case of one of those quiet, efficient, self-poised women whom she knows, and analyze the reason why that woman is what she is, and whether she herself cannot do and be in some measure the same.

To be sure, there is the question of temperament. Some people, men as well as women, are so constructed that they simply do not know and cannot learn how to be calm and unperturbed, business-like and systematic in the use of their time and energies. Some are born with elephantine deliberation, while others have to skip about like squirrels. There are birds that flit and never are still for a minute, and birds that stalk with dignity because they are built that way.

With all allowance for differences of temperament, however, one can cultivate a very considerable measure of self-control in these matters, and so become not only vastly more efficient, but acquire also a peace of mind and a poise of conduct that will make life a very different affair.

Women were busy enough in all conscience, before the war, its anxieties and demands upon time and strength, came along to add to the burdens. If there were no other reason, it is vital now that women should learn to conserve their strength and vitality. The home-maker stil must do her work of home-making. She sets the tone for the family, she has the care and the duty of "keeping the "home-fires burning," while the pride and flower of our manhood attends to its dire business across the water. More than ever before she must have possession of her soul. And in order to do that she must recognize the nature of her task and set herself in order to perform it.

It is not an impossible task; there is a definite way to do it, if she will set her mind to it. And once she has done it, not only will she be better able to bear the unwonted burdens of this present moment, but her whole life in the years to come will be richer, fuller and more useful for herself and all about her.

The trouble with most of us is that we allow ourselves to be overwhelmed by a vague sense of "too much to do," and give ourselves up to a scattered feeling. We peck at this, that, and the other thing, without concentration upon any of them. We give only half our minds to the thing we are doing, being all the time appalled by the sense that beyond that there is something else that we shall have to do next, and a whole procession of things after that.

This is not the state of mind in which any one can be efficient—least of all the home-maker, whose duties are so various as to swamp her if she is helter-skelter, her whole household will be disorganized and unhappy. "A woman's work is never done," goes the old ryhme, and it is true. When you add to that Red Cross, Hostess House Liberty Bond canvassing, and all the other things that these times impose, she will break down unless she gets herself in hand and studies out a better system.

System is the word. It is amazing, how much you can add actually to your time and strength by organizing yourself. The process is simple, but you have to do it intentionally and with deliberation. The more scatter-brained you are by temperament and habit, the more you need it. The more you have to do, the more essential it is to do it with system and composure.

Sit down, all by yourself, and look your whole job straight in the face. On a separate card or slip of paper write down each of the things you have to do—one thing to a card. Then shuffle them into the order of their relative importance. If there is actually more than you can do, get rid of some of it; you owe that to the duties and to yourself. You are going to neglect some of these things why not be honest with that fact and surrender them in advance? Lay aside the cards representing the things you must give up, and see that you do give them up.

Now, on the basis of the list of things you are still going to do, make a definite timetable for your day. A little while devoted in advance to this ordering of your work is worth hours in hurried adjustments under stress. Having laid out your plan, with time set apart for each thing (and you will find that there is generous margin left between for unexpected things), live up to it rigidly.

See to it that you set apart time—even if it be only fifteen minutes a day—for rest and relaxation, for a little reading and composed meditation; for detachment from the rush and hustle of things. It is astonishing how much one is refreshed by lying down, utterly relaxed for ten minutes; or by reading for five minutes a comforting or stimulating chapter from the Bible or some other great spiritual classic, a little poetry, a chapter from a good novel. Five minutes is a good while, if you devote it wholly to one thing.

Above all things try to abolish worry. It is entirely useless; wears you out—and everybody else with you—without profit of any kind. But if ou are of the kind that absolutely must worry, here then are the rules for it:

(1.) Never worry about things you can't help. It is useless and doesn't get you anywhere.

(2.) Never worry about things you can help. Get busy and fix them.

(3.) Worry about only one thing at a time. Never worry about things in bunches. The kind of brains that could stand that are the kind that do not worry at all.

(4.) Worry only about the thing that comes next. Most of the things we worry about never happen, and the worry about the thing beyond the next thing probably will be entirely wasted.

Work while you are working, with all your mind on the thing at hand. Play while you are playing, just as if you had nothing in the world to do but play. Rest while you are resting. "One thing at a time" is the motto of safety and efficiency for the

home-maker. The only way to accomplish it is first to see clearly what constitutes your job; second, to organize it so that you can make each hour's time and each ounce of effort tell for the utmost, and last (and most difficult) to carry out your plan. I have known some very scatter-brained women to cure themselves permanently in just this way.—New York Post.

THE CHILDREN.

A TRAVELED THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Is this all we're going to have for dinner?" Donny Donivan eyed the Thanksgiving preparations with dissatisfaction. "Why, Bud Weaver is going to have a great big gobbler, so-o big, and a plum pudding, and oysters, and everything. He's going to have a fruit cake that his grandma sent clear from Boston." This that his mother was putting on the table was just plain cake with raisins in it and a little sugar frosting. "It must be wonderful," he said wistfully, "to have a cake that came from Boston."

"This cake came from a great deal farther than that, "Mother Donivan said simply, as she arranged a little red-fringed napkin under the cake plate. Next she brought out a platter of ginger cookies. Ginger cookies! Why, Bud Weaver was going to have cranberry tarts, and croquet balls, and "Charlotte roost"! Besides, it wasn't true really that their cake had come farther than Boston. Mother must have been joking, for she had made it herself in their very own kitchen and Donny had seen her. The flour and sugar and raisins had all come from the grocery, he knew, because he had gone for them himself and drawn them home in his little red cart.

Mother said he ought to be very thankful for such a good dinner, even if there were little boys who had more; but he didn't see why he needed to be thankful, for his own papa had sent the money to the groceryman to pay for all the things. The poor old woman on Poverty street to whom mamma sent things all done up in a basket, ought to be thankful, because she didn't have anything to pay for them with; but he didn't see why he needed to be. If his papa had got paid for putting up the big building across the street, then maybe they could have had a big dinner like Bud Weaver's. Just wait till his papa put a "lean" on it and then see! They would have lots and lots of money.

Anyhow, he wished they would hurry up and get things ready. He didn't see why it needed to take so much longer to get a Thanksgiving dinner than any other. There was a whole basket of apples out on the shelf, and by and by he and his papa were going to roast them in the fireplace. There was a log burning in there now that would make lovely coals. He sat down in his little rocker and watched it.

Little fire sprites sprang up out of the coals in the bottom of the grate and began chasing one another merrily over the rough bark. Here one stopped and gnawed away the moss and burned a tiny black hole that gradually grew red and turned finally into a great glowing cavern filled with queer little dancing figures. It seemed to Donny like a wonderful castle filled with all sorts of lovely things. There were crimson chandeliers hanging from the walls, and every one was lighted as though for a holiday. Perhaps it was Thanksgiving. Yes, he felt sure that it was, for he could hear from parching corn, and away back in what must have been their grate, he saw a whole row of red apples toasting. How nice and sputtery they sounded! There was a delicious smell in the air. It must be that they were going to have "Charlotte roosts." Really it was the fragrant odor of burning pine needles on the hearth, but Donny Donivan's thoughts were all about Thanksgiving and Thanksgiving dinners. He thought he saw a great table spread out under the chandeliers, and a whole procession of rosy fire sprites come prancing in with trays loaded down with good things to spread upon it. There were pumpkin pies and mince pies, and cranberry tarts, and doughnuts, and a monstrous fruit cake labeled "From China," for that was the only place Donny could think of that was farther away than Boston. There was such a big, big turkey gobbler that it took twenty-five sprites to carry him in, and then they were obliged to tug mightily to get him hoisted to the table. My! He was done to a proper brown, with little juicy spurts of steam coming out where he had been tried with a fork. Turkeys were ever and ever so much better than chickens. Then there were dates and candy and a great big quivering mold of the reddest jelly—currant or raspberry or grape, he couldn't tell which—and a tablespoon to help yourself with. Donny Donivan was very fond of jelly. He wondered why people served potatoes with such a big spoon and jelly with such a teenty-weenty one. He wouldn't mind if father would help him to potatoes with a jelly spoon.

Then by and by the table was all spread, and they had put a golden orange at each plate and a roasted apple beside it. In the center of a great snowy heap of popcorn was piled. When they had eaten everything else they would begin on that. A loud voice from the door of the castle called Donny Donivan to come in and eat. He had just turned over his plate and was going to help himself without thanking anybody, when a terrible clattering began outside the castle walls. A tiny blue flame sprang up from behind the log. A little gust of wind fanned it from behind and it grew big and bold. In a moment it had sprung inside the crimson castle, and Donny saw a blue-coated figure with a silver badge on his sleeve. He quaked in his chair, for he was always afraid of men in blue clothes. He managed to glance up and saw that the man's face was very fierce indeed.

"Not a mouthful of this food shall be eaten until it is paid for," spoke a voice of thunder, and Donny's hand fell away from the piece of cake he

had been about to sample.

"The creditors are gathered outside the castle gates, waiting to break through at any moment. They demand satisfaction. What shall I say to them?"

"Why, this food has been paid for. Only yesterday my father paid the groceryman," stammered Donny indignantly.

"I labored all summer to produce this feast," said a tiny voice, and a golden fairy squeezed through the keyhole, trailing a long, filmy sack behind him. "I was up early and worked late; I coaxed the little buds that grew into those oranges beside you to blossom, and it was I that plumped them up big and fat and yellow. I traveled over swamp and jungle to do that, and ran the risk of getting malaria in my bones. I painted those red apples the lovely color they are. My name is Fairy Sunshine, if you would like to know. It was I who nourished the great field of waving grain from which this bread was made, and ripened the potatoes till their brown jackets fairly burst asunder. Hey, Brother Summer Rain, come on! We will gather up our own." At his call a shining little fairy in a gray gossamer coat, with a fleecy cloud for a cap, came feet-first through the keyhole and dropped with a splash to the floor.

"Oh-ho! So they were going to make away with our goods, were they Thought because they had paid the groceryman that their duty was done. I labored long, long nights when you slept, little boy, feeding the thirsty roots that gave life to those lovely kernels of popcorn you were going to eat in a jiffy. Let's see! This is raspberry jelly. I remember. The berries grew on a sunny hillside, and one terrible hot day they would have withered and died had I not come to the rescue with drop after drop of cooling water. The earth was hard and hot, but I softened it down ever so far, and washed all the dust away from the green leaves so the poor things could get a breath. I remember what big, luscious fellows those berries were when they were finally ripe. A little girl came one day with a bucket and picked them all. They were just like crimson balls of wine, thanks to me and good Fairy Sunshine." He made a low bow to his fellow-fairy, who had clambered up on the edge of the jelly bowl.

"Yes, I shone upon them day after day when they were little green things and not a bit good-looking. Such a time as I had spying under leaves to get them all! Really they made very good jelly didn't they, Fairy Summer Rain?" He hopped along the edge of the bowl and stuck his finger down into the mound of jelly. "Let's see!" he said wisely, tilting his head to one side. "What is jelly made of, anyway? A little fruit and—and sugar. Just think, Fairy Summer Rain, if all the fruit and sugar we have grown this summer were made into jelly! There would be a mound bigger than this house. We have been partners all summer in growing sugarcane, field after field, beautiful and green, and it has been used to sweeten candy and cake and cookies all over the country. We haven't had anything for our work, and now we are going to take the goods."

"Are you going to put a "lean" on the dinner?" asked Donny fearfully.

"Yes, we are; we're going to do worse than that, we're going to take what belongs to us. Here, Fairy Summer Rain! Just bundle those cookies into my sack, and that lovely frosted cake with raisins in it."

"Please, before you take it, won't you tell me if it came from farther away than Boston?" said Donny humbly. "Bud Weaver's grandma sent him a cake from Boston and —"

"Boston!" The fairies laughed. "This cake—" Fairy Sunshine scratched his head thoughtfully. "Let's see! Te wheat grew in Minnesota, I believe, in a beautiful rolling field where the wind loved to come and toss it into great golden billows. It was pretty when it was green, but it seems to me it was prettier when it began to get ripe and golden," he added reflectively. "Did you ever see a field of wheat, little boy?"

"I—I thought flour came from a grocery store" stammered Donny helplessly; and how the fairies did laugh at that.

"The sugar came from New Orleans," went on Fairy Sunshine dreamily. "I think I remember the very field. Do you recall a green, thrifty field of sugarcane right by the old bayou, Fairy Summer Rain?"

"Yes, I remember it well. Some little black children helped me loosen the dirt around the roots. I should have had a sorry task without them. I am afraid I should never have succeeded in saving the crop. I used to wonder they did not mind my falling down upon their kinky heads, but they did not seem to mind either me or Fairy Sunshine."

"The raisins," continued Fairy Sunshine, "came from far-off California. They did look lovely when they were hanging on the vines in great red clusters. We were very proud of them, for we had worked hard to make them grow nice and plump. A little girl with the bluest eyes picked them and spread them out to dry. She got paid for her trouble, and the man who owned the vineyard got paid; but you see our claim is greater than all, for we caused them to grow. We can work year in and year out, and people will take the crops and never even think of us. Do you ever think of the sun or the rain when you eat a big red apple Do you ever think of the field of growing corn or the rippling, ripening wheat when you eat your piece of bread, little boy?"

"I have something to say about the things on this table myself," said a wheezy little voice right at the keyhole. There was a loud puffing and blowing, and a little white fairy came tumbling to the flour with a whirl. "My name is Steam," he said proudly. He doffed his lace cap and made a bow. "I traveled thousand of weary miles bringing all this stuff to you. Every part of it came from some different corner of the globe, and I carried it all.

Why! The spices in those pumpkin pies came from 'way across the ocean, and the dates too. I've lugged things till I'm all out of breath. I have to have my pay, I tell you it isn't any fun to puff and pull all day long. I shall see that not a morsel is taken from this table till I am properly paid for my hard work."

"And so shall I! And so shall I!" shouted Fairy Sunshine and Fairy Summer Rain in a breath. "Your papa paid the groceryman, the groceryman paid the commission man and the commission man paid the farmer; but no one thought of us. Just because we could not be paid with money you have ignored us, but we won't be overlooked. We mean to be considered. Come, Fairy Steam, lend a hand and help us load up the stuff!"

"But how could we pay you?" said Donny Donivan anxiously, as he saw the last of the delicious viands disappearing.

"A simple little word, 'Thank you,'" said Fairy Sunshine, making a low bow. "It is quite enough."

Just then the great log that had been slowly burning through, crumbled and fell with a shower of sparks into the ashes. The crimson castle was a heap of ruins, and the three fairies floated away up the chimney flue.

"Ho! Now for the Thanksgiving dinner!" Father Donivan tweaked one of Donny's golden curls and brought him to his feet in a hurry. "What! Asleep in front of all this! What ails the boy!" He carried him to the table, and Donny clapped his hands delightedly to see that not a thing was missing. There was the lovely cake with the raisins in it, and the mound of jelly, and all. Oh, how good it looked! But he never tasted a single thing till he had bowed his head and said, "Thank you, thank you," with his papa.—Maude Morrison Huey.

The Jews were early settlers in America and furnished the funds which enabled Christopher Columbus to discover the continent, according to Dr. Maurice H. Harris, of New York. He says that twenty years before Columbus landed on this continent he met Joseph Vechina, a Jew, in Lisbon. Vechino gave him a translation of Zacuto's astronomical table, which aided him greatly. It was two Jews, Senors Abarbandi and Sanchez, who helped financially and pleaded his cause at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and it was a Jew, Louis de Santagnal, who furnished the $15,000 necessary to equip the expedition of Columbus. So having done their little share in America's discovery, the Jews were among the early settlers. They came not as explorers, but as permanent residents."

The deepest need of the people of the United States is to see and know that democracy means brotherhood; nothing else, nothing other.—Washington Gladden.

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